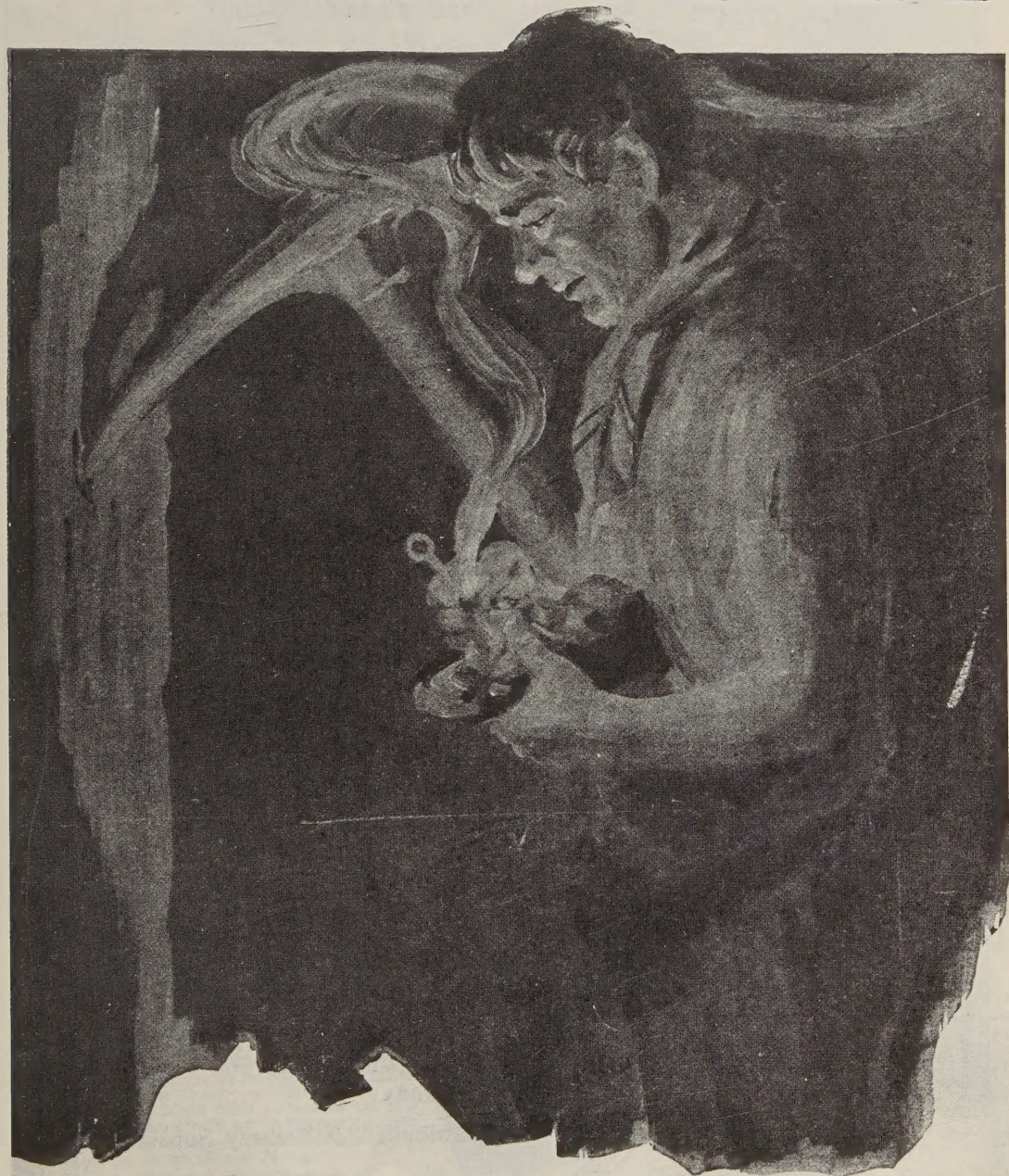


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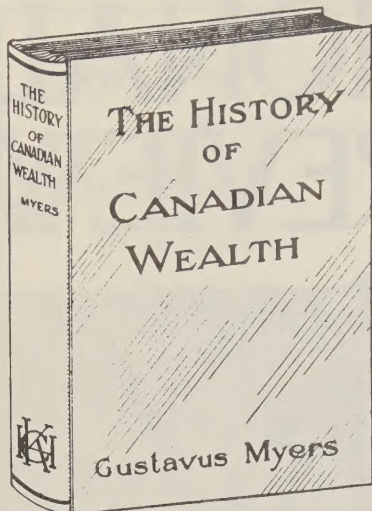
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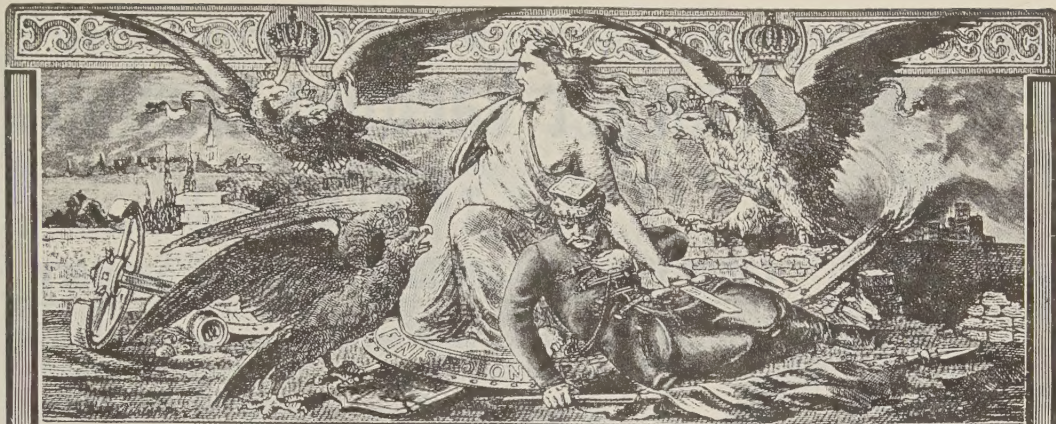
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THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

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WHERE THE WORKERS BURIED THEIR DEAD AT CALUMET

We have fed you all for a thousand years, but that was our doom you know;
From the time you chained us in the fields, to the strike of a week ago.
You have eaten our lives, our babies and wives, but that was your legal share;
But if blood be the price of your legal wealth, good God, we have bought it fair.
—Rudyard Kipling.

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

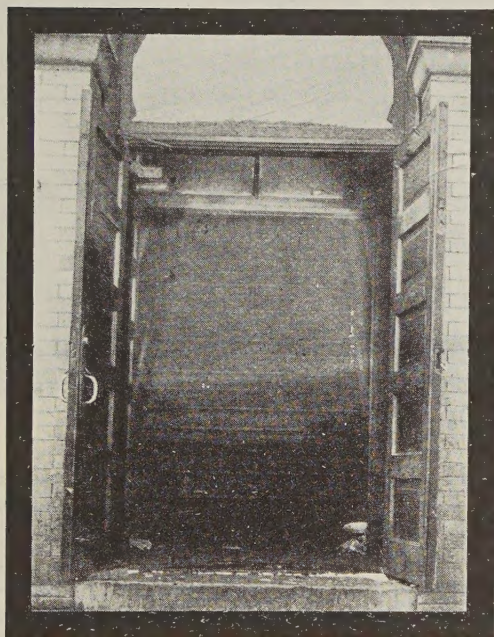
VOL. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 8

CALUMET

By Leslie H. Marcy



SEVENTY-TWO copper miners, with their wives and children, met death at these doors on Christmas Eve in Calumet, Michigan.

A brief hour before this little company of silent ones had passed up the stairs into the Italian Hall to join hundreds of other strikers and their families. A Christmas tree had been arranged by the Women's Auxiliary of the Western Federation of Miners to put a bit of cheer into the hearts of the kiddies and perhaps to encourage the men and women in their struggle against the copper barons for more bread and better working conditions.

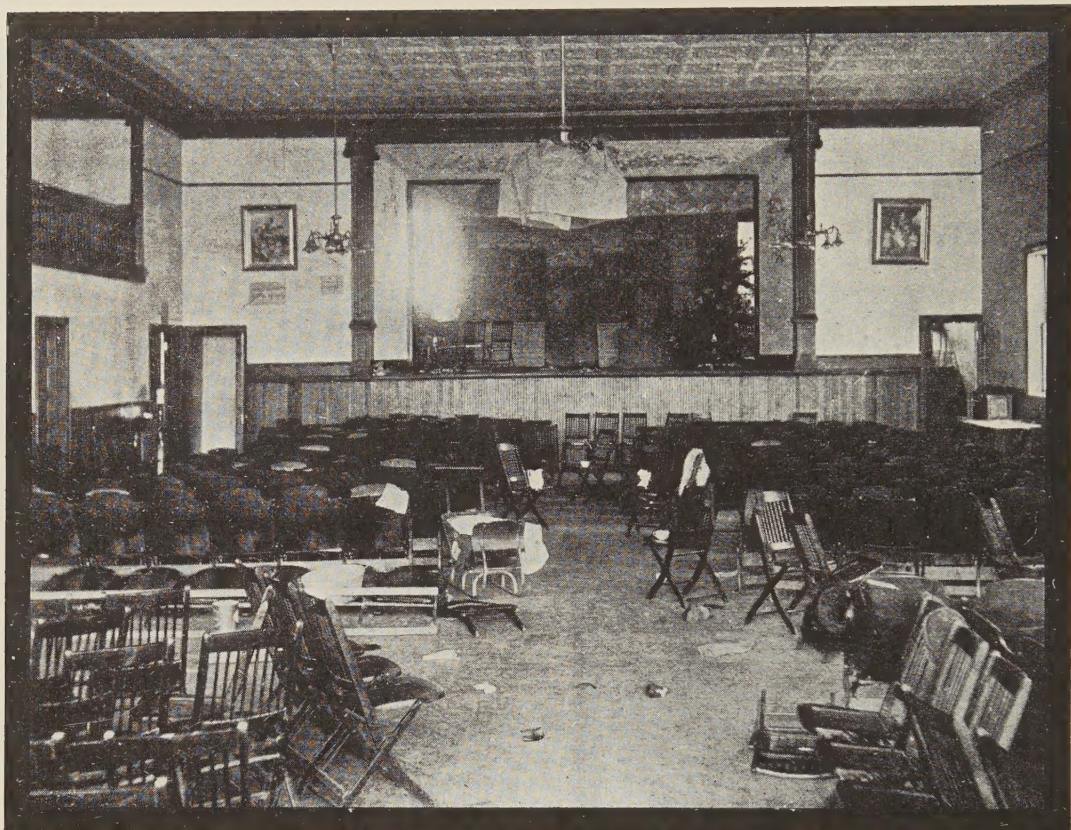
But "Peace on earth and good will toward men" is not down on the capitalist program. For months past imported thugs and gun-men, in the pay of the copper companies, as guards, had gone about shooting up strikers, breaking up union headquarters, disrupting meetings and otherwise "establishing law and order."

It should surprise no one then to learn that upon this occasion a "mysterious" stranger appeared suddenly in the doorway of Italian Hall with a false cry of "fire!"

Comrade Annie Clemanc had just finished her address of welcome; the toys were still on the tree—when forty-eight pairs of little feet arose at the alarm and ran down the stairway. They were met by "deputies," who blocked the doors to escape. In the crush and panic that followed seventy-two human beings were killed.

* * * *

A bleak mining region and the rigors of a Lake Superior winter, with the hardship of five months' strike, made still more poignant the crushing sorrow. Over the two miles of road from Calumet to the bit of ground owned by the Western Federation of Miners marched the procession with hearse, undertakers' wagons and an automobile truck carrying a few coffins, followed by 480 miners, in squads of four, carrying 67 coffins. They lowered them into two long trenches that yawned in the snows of the copper country. Behind them came fifty Cornish miners chanting hymns, their voices thick with emotion. Thousands of miners with their wives and children formed the procession. All but a dozen of the burials were in common graves dug by members of the union.



INTERIOR VIEW OF ITALIAN HALL, CALUMET, MICH., WHERE 72 PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN A CRUSH FOLLOWING A FALSE CRY OF FIRE BY AN "UNKNOWN" (?) MAN, WEARING A CITIZENS' ALLIANCE BUTTON.

Came the Finns to the fair state of Michigan about sixty years ago—to spend their lifetime and labor time in the mines.

Emigration agents of our "infant" copper industry enticed thousands of "foreigners" from all over Europe to come across to share the copper prosperity of this new land with our "free born" American workers. For years the Finns were "desirable" mine workers, being largely controlled by their priests.

However, the Finns came from fighting stock; for years the Finnish people had resisted the Russian czar, who flooded their country with spies. They were accustomed to illegal arrests and banishments, and the suppression of their newspapers was the order of the day. By a national strike in November, 1905, the Finns wrested constitutional rights from the czar and at the first election 40 per cent of the representatives were Socialists.

About this time, ten years ago, Socialism

began to spread rapidly among the Finns in the copper country, despite the antagonism of the church, and what they did to the czar, in Finland, they will do one day to the copper barons in this country—for conditions are now much the same in Michigan as they were in Finland. "Constitutional government no longer exists where the rights of our citizens under our constitution and laws are overthrown, and the laws and the constitution defied."

A Finnish Socialist daily was established in Hancock called "Tyomies" (The Working Man), and the plant is today valued at \$40,000. This paper, and the fighting rank and file of Finns, are the brains and backbone of the copper strike; their strikers are always on the picket line; their paper has been an invincible barricade.

On December 27, 1913, two days after the killing of the 72 members of the working class, Tyomies published sworn statements as follows:



SOME OF THE VICTIMS—FINNISH UNDERTAKING PARLORS.

Investigators employed by "Tyomies" questioned many of the persons who were present at the Italian Hall on Christmas eve and their affidavits given under oath prove the following:

1. That one gentlemanly looking, rather largely built and stout man, well clothed and wearing a sealskin hat which was pulled down close to the eyes, entered the hall from outside. He had yelled twice "Fire."

2. This created a pour-out from the hall, there being not much rush at the beginning.

3. That the women and children coming out of the hall formed a pile of about four feet high. Two persons testified that this happened because something had been dropped or pushed in the way of the women and children scrambling to get out.

4. Two men at the door had started to take apart the pile, pulling some out alive, and if they had been allowed to continue, everybody would have been rescued.

5. The deputies drove these two rescuers forcibly away.

6. The deputies made no effort to do any rescue work, but, on the contrary, they let the human pile grow so that the deputies in front were supported by those behind, thus stopping

the outpouring of the people, and so more and more victims fell in the pile, and finally the pressure became so great that one Vestola, for instance, died in a standing position, his face being against the face of the witness, whose face was burned by a lighted cigar that was in Vestola's mouth, because he could not free his hands on account of the pressure.

7. Deputies had closed the doors, and thus the work of rescue had to be started from the top, and those in the pile had to stay there so long that they suffocated.

8. In the hall a deputy had broken the neck of a 5 or 6 year old child by twisting her by the neck under his arms. Also another deputy dragged a man, holding him by the throat and his thumbs pressed against the man's weasand.

9. A group of deputies and those with the Citizens' Alliance buttons had been mocking and waving their hats down below.

10. A man who tried to shout from below that there was no fire was clubbed in the head.

* * *

And now came High Lord Sheriff Cruse with his crew of gunmen-deputies with twenty warrants for the arrest of editors and employes of "Tyomies." "The peace



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

and dignity of the people of the state of Michigan" had been "unlawfully, wickedly, falsely, feloniously and maliciously" conspired against, in the printing of the above statements.

Seven were arrested and jailed, including three editors. Thirteen escaped from the county—but the paper never missed a single daily issue! The Strike Bulletin appeared regularly every morning! We are amazed to find no mention made in the report of the Socialist Investigating Committee of the splendid, fearless work of "Tyomies" and the persecutions heaped upon our comrades of the press.

After the Christmas disaster, came the Citizens Alliance with its degrading offer of a \$25,000 burial gift. This was indignantly spurned by the striking miners, who refused to accept a donation of "blood money" from their enemies.

A committee of eminently respectable citizens from the Citizens Alliance waited upon President Charles F. Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners, in his room at the hotel, and, upon being informed by him that the miners had turned down the peace offering, they left the room in great anger. Sheriff Cruse with a deputy remained behind to

assure Mr. Moyer that he would have full protection in his comings and goings while in Calumet.

The sheriff had been gone but a few moments when there was a knock at the door and in filed several plug-uglies and gunmen. Moyer had his back turned toward them, as he was using a telephone. He was struck in the back of the head with the butt end of a heavy pistol, and fell to the floor and was taken forcibly from the hotel.

E. J. MacDowell, under Attorney Geo. E. Nichols, appointed by Governor Ferris of Michigan, as a special investigator, and who has spent three months in the copper country, in his report says: "I investigated the Moyer deportation thoroughly, and to my mind the treatment accorded him is almost beyond belief. He was kicked and mauled and dragged a mile through the dirt, and I found one man who pointed out more than twenty-five people who admitted they had witnessed the attack on Moyer. But when they were brought before the grand jury they were as mum as oysters."

With a bullet in his body, he was put aboard the train by the mob and threatened with death if he ever returned.

Chas. H. Tanner, auditor of the Western



THE WORKERS BURYING THEIR DEAD.

Federation, was also badly beaten up and deported, along with Mr. Moyer. Together they reached Chicago, where they were rushed to a hospital. Ten days after, they returned to Calumet. So much for "law and order" in the copper kingdom.

* * * * *

The Citizens' Alliance is composed of small storekeepers, who sympathized with the strikers until the union men opened up their own commissary stores. This competition aroused the anger of these little trades people and they were easily organized by Attorney Peterman of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company into a benevolent organization for the "conservation of law and order, flag and country."

The Calumet and Hecla Mining Company control the banks and are arbiters of credit—of business life and death—in the copper region. The butchers, bakers, clothiers and grocers who do not stand shoulder to shoulder, ready to fight for the interests of the copper companies, find their credit cut off and failure staring them in the face. As a result the Citizens' Alliance has proved a powerful tool for the mine owners.

* * * * *

We have seen how the copper country is

governed by an "invisible government"; from the judge on the bench, to the grand jury in session; from the national guard of the state of Michigan, on "duty," since July 24, 1913, to the sheriff with his hundreds of imported professional strike breakers whom he swore in as deputies. The Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, Calumet, is the *invisible government* of Michigan.

This poor-little-rich corporation was "created" in the early fifties. According to a statement given out by Attorney Peterman, and endorsed by General Manager W. F. Denton, and General Manager C. L. Lawton, we find this devout confession: "The profits of the Calumet and Hecla have been large, but they were due solely to the fact that the Creator put such rich ore in the company's ground."

However, Congress in the year of our Lord, 1852, seems to have been in total ignorance of this little gift on the Creator's part to the copper crowd, for we find that "it gave to the state of Michigan 750,000 acres of public land, to aid it in building a ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary. The state in turn bargained this land to the contractors who built the canal, at a dollar and a quarter an acre. The lands thus disposed

of at so beggarly a price were *supposed* to be swamp, or overflowed lands, but somehow, and strange to say, a part of them are now the rocky matrices from which the Calumet and Hecla has long been extracting shot-copper,—that company having in some way got hold of them. Years later a man named Chandler, who claimed to have bought the same land over again from the State of Michigan, brought a suit to dispossess the copper company,—charging all sorts of fraud in the switching of swamps so as to be quarries of copper-bearing rock. But the Supreme Court ruled against him, on the ground that as he got his deed from the state, he was in no better plight than the state, and that the state could not go back on its first deed to the canal contractors: so the Calumet and Hecla people kept it.”

This “good thing” was capitalized for \$2,500,000 in shares of \$25 each, instead of \$100—note that. Of this \$25 a share, only \$12 was paid in. A total cash investment of \$1,200,000. According to the *Mining and Engineering World* of December 27th, Calumet and Hecla has declared dividends on issued capitalization to December 1, 1913, amounting to \$121,650,000, or \$1,216 a share or \$101 profits for each dollar invested.

Dividends for 1900 amounted to 320 per cent; for 1906, 280 per cent; for 1907, 260 per cent. In the Boston market, the stock was quoted on the day before New Years, at 427, bid price. Bearing in mind that the par value of the shares is but \$25, this figure means that the stock is now worth more than 1,700 per cent, and bearing in mind also that only \$12 a share was actually paid in, it means more than 3,400 per cent, market value. The president of the company receives a salary greater than the president of the United States.

Not long ago, when dividends threatened to be unusually enormous, the company purchased an extensive island in Lake Superior, stocked it with the finest game, and it is now used by stockholders of the company as a hunting preserve.

And the capitalists, who have never seen the inside of a mine shaft, who have stolen and defrauded to gain possession of the Calumet mines, have refused to permit their wage slaves, who produce all the wealth brought out of the mines, to organize into a union. They have denied the right of these workers to organize to demand more

wages and better working conditions. Their arrogance is summed up in the words “We have nothing to arbitrate.”

These capitalists want MORE labor from the laborers. They are not satisfied with having stolen hundreds of millions from the men who have dug the wealth from the dangerous recesses of the earth. They demand still MORE.

* * * * *

Every day, in the dark of the early morning, John Kolu trudges through the deep snow a mile or more to the shaft house. From the time he is shot down the cage into the bowels of the earth until he reaches the stope where he works, an hour and a half is consumed. Bad luck for him, if the cable breaks or there is trouble in the engine room, for there are no protectors to the men's cages. Down he goes, from 2,000 to 8,000 feet toward the center of the earth in subterranean caves, drills, blasts and gathers the precious copper that has helped to make modern industry and civilization possible. Lack of protectors is a violation of all mining laws.

Eleven hour shifts all these years! Air so hot that only the strongest lungs can stand the torture! And each miner must sign an agreement whether he understands English or not. The driller agrees to work for so much a foot, but owing to the rock he never knows what his wages will amount to. Examination of about 2,000 due bills, or pay envelopes, showed that some drillers had made 43 cents per day in a full month's work. The highest was \$2.65 per day, while some showed a deficit!

The latest little dividend maker for exploiting the copper miner is called, the one man drill. One driller has to do the work of two, hence these new machines were enthusiastically installed by the Calumet and Hecla and are one of the chief causes of the strike. It drove a lot of men out of the mines on account of being so hard and heavy to handle; it threw old miners, over 45, on the scrap pile. Only the strongest young men can pack it up a dark stope, put up his platform 100 feet and operate this 150-pound machine.

The trammers work in pairs loading the rock and pushing the ton capacity cars to the shaft where it is hoisted to the rock house. They also have been forced to sign a slave agreement to tram so many cars per day. The wages are less and hours of



inhuman toil longer than are the drillers. A slight scratch from the poisonous copper rock and they are disabled, more often they are mangled by falling rock. The benevolent copper companies take a dollar out of all pay envelopes monthly—for the company doctor!

And when the dangerous work is performed and the copper is brought to the surface of the earth, the miner is separated from the wealth he has dug and it is appropriated by Boston capitalists who have never seen a mine or lifted a hand in honest labor.

And when the Calumet miners went out on strike, the capitalists wiggled their fingers and a thousand hungry lackeys sprung up to carry out their wishes.

Employment agencies were subsidized with such success that when men, who had been fooled and deceived into signing on for work in the copper mines, passed through Chicago, they were kept behind steel bars at the DEPOTS to prevent the truth being told them by members of the union. The Commissioner of Labor was refused admittance to them. They were whirled away to the copper district with the shackles of peonage already wrought upon their ankles.

Every possible item is charged against the misguided scabs: railway fare, huge employment agent fees, clothing, tools, food, lodging, etc., etc. The scabs are herded in huge bunk houses which are isolated and kept under a heavy armed guard. Upon these bunk houses the company searchlights are forever playing and any man who seeks entrance or ingress (except the changing mine shifts), is immediately shot.

Consequently the mine owners have virtual slaves or peons over whom they are using the power of life and death—to do their work in the mines.

Richard Maher, hired with a party of forty by the Ascher Detective Agency, New York, makes affidavit to the effect that when men came to the mines to work and saw what was going on, they were prevented from going away and held against their will. Maher was one of the men hired to guard them. The guards placed by the detective agencies were armed with rifles, revolvers and night sticks. They were sent out to break up parades of the miners. "We had suggestions made to us that the job was getting too quiet and that we should go out

and start something. Our standing order was to shoot the first man that came near our sight on the highway which ran near the company's property. We were informed that we could go as far as we liked and that the sheriff would not interfere with us," said Maher, upon oath.

But we might mention here that the physical prowess of the striking miners has put a very wholesome fear into the hearts of the thugs and drunken militia men, and that they have learned that discretion may prove the better part of valor. They have ceased perpetrating former outrages upon the miners' wives and children.

Nearly all of the strikers have served in European armies. Their drills resemble nothing so much as perfectly trained regiments of soldiers. And they fall in line for parade in less than five minutes. Only 5 per cent of the strikers are native born Americans. Twenty-three different nationalities are represented in the mines and the companies have always used every effort to keep the men as divided on religious and national grounds, as possible.

About four years ago the Finnish Socialists organized the first union in the copper country, that amounted to anything, at Hancock, Mich., and affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners.

At a meeting of the Hancock Copper Miners' Union last June the rank and file formulated the following demands:

An eight-hour day; a minimum wage of \$3.00 a day for men in the mines. An increase of 35 cents a day for those that worked above the ground. Two men to be employed on each drill. Recognition of the Western Federation of Miners.

The management of the mines ignored the presentation and 98 per cent of the men voted to go on strike which was called on July 23, 1913.

Regarding strike conditions Graham R. Taylor writes in *The Survey* as follows:

"While there had been some violence from the time the miners went out on July 23, the most serious instance during the first few weeks, and the occasion of the first fatalities, came when two deputy sheriffs and four detective "gun men" wantonly killed three strikers as they were eating their evening meal in their boarding house. This murder had, as pointed out by the article in *The Survey*, much to do with the

temper of the struggle and the attitude of the strikers toward mine guards and deputy sheriffs, and in its light much of the subsequent violence is to be regarded."

In the report of the Department of Labor investigator, Walter B. Palmer, we find:

"Many Michigan militiamen became intoxicated and were allowed to wander about the streets armed.

"Much violence, some of which resulted in fatalities, was provoked by the armed deputies imported by the mining companies.

"Many of the mines are entirely lacking in proper provisions for safety, sanitation, and supply of drinking water for the employees.

"Employees who have built houses on land rented from the Calumet and Hecla company may be dispossessed of their property when they are discharged or otherwise leave the employment of the concern.

"Men employed in the mines as trammers

perform the labor of beasts of burden and soon wear out."

* * * *

The call for money to build up a Children's Strike Benefit Fund, recently sent out by the Woman's Department, National office, of the Socialist Party, has met with a generous response from all over the country. Comrade Winnie Branstetter is to be congratulated on her splendid idea. Three thousand dollars has come in and she is rushing relief in the way of clothes and shoes, as reports from the strike zones indicate that the children are suffering.

Before these strikers are beaten back to work, let every union copper miner with a backbone throw away his tools and and refuse to work.

THE WORKMAN'S ANSWER TO THE CAPITALIST CLASS.

We have fed you all for a thousand years and you hail us yet unfed.

There is not a dollar of all your wealth but marks the workers' dead.

We have yielded our best to give you rest; you lie on crimson wool.

If blood be the price of all your wealth, good God, we have paid it in full.

There is not a mine blown skyward now but we are buried for you,

There is not a wreck that drifts shore-ward now but we are its ghastly crew.

Go reckon our dead by the forges red, and factories where we spin;

If blood be the price of all your wealth, good God, we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years, but that was our doom, you know;

From the time you chained us in the fields, to the strike of a week ago.

You have eaten our lives, our babies and wives, but that was your legal share;

But if blood be the price of your legal wealth, good God, we have bought it fair.

—Rudyard Kipling.



"MOTHER JONES WAS SURROUNDED BY 150 SOLDIERS, FORCIBLY TAKEN TO SAN RAFAEL HOSPITAL, WHERE SHE IS BEING HELD INCOMMUNICADO."—STRIKE BULLETIN.

NINE SHARPSHOOTERS

WHEN the mine owners of Colorado began evicting striking miners and their families from the companies' shacks and company property the United Mine boys threw up tents on nearby land and moved into them.

Then the mine companies sent men with machine guns and searchlight, and, perched upon almost inaccessible ridges or boulders, these gunmen sent shot after shot into the miners' tent colonies below.

In the December number of the REVIEW we printed a photograph of the machine gun used by nine guards at Berwind Canyon. It was placed high upon a ragged

ridge, from which it could be constantly trained over the miners' camp in the valley below. All night long the guards kept a powerful searchlight trained over the passes and the comings and goings of the miners. They believed themselves to be in an impregnable position.

From five hundred to a thousand miners occupied the attention of the guards by the use of long distance rifles on one side of the ridge. The guards felt confident that they could easily sweep clear the remaining sides before any attacking party could approach. They imagined that the death-dealing instrument with which they sent

destruction into the camps would cow the strikers. They did not know the spirit of the Colorado miners.

It was on a Friday at 10 o'clock in the morning, October 20, that nine miners, who had served as sharpshooters in the Balkans, bade their comrades goodbye and started their long journey toward the enemy that blazed gleefully away from the topmost pinnacle of the lofty ridge. Through narrow passes and over bald boulders they traveled. Very quietly, very cautiously, very slowly they journeyed, for much depended upon the success of their mission. It was for them to silence the machine gun that belched forth death in the tent homes of the miners below. They did not mean to fail.

Through the long night they worked their way, and it was not until noon on the following day that they paused in a fissure of the great rocks to confer. They saw nine guards casually continuing their work of murder. And some of them smoked while others took their ease from the day's grind.

And the nine miners, who had served in the Balkans, lifted their rifles to their shoulders and picked each his man. Nine shots rang out! And the machine gun ceased to fire, for upon the high ridge there remained no single living thing.

And down to the camps of their brother miners went the sharpshooters with the machine gun which they captured. And there it has remained. On their triumphal march homeward the victors encountered seven auto loads of provisions designed to feed militiamen, deputy sheriffs and private detectives. These they promptly confiscated and bore with them.

That night a message was sent to the strike relief committee by the miners at Berwind Canyon. It bore the advice that thereafter no provisions need be supplied them and a request that arms and ammunition be sent instead.

* * * * *

It has been reported that George Belcher, manager of the Baldwin-Felz detective agency, who shot and killed Gerald Lippett, organizer for the U. M. W. A., has been killed.

Our correspondent informs us that the

investigation of the shooting was a farce and that Belcher was released on bond. Not long after Belcher came out of a drug store at Trinidad and paused to light a cigar. Eight hundred soldiers were upon the square with fifty deputies and innumerable policemen and detectives. As Belcher struck a match a bullet from an unseen gun hit him at the base of the brain and he was killed instantly.

* * * * *

E. E. Schumway, president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, declared that the recent explosion that occurred in one of the mines and killed thirty-seven miners had not been caused by gas. He went so far as to go down into the mine to prove his point. Within four or five days he died as a result of being overcome by gas. Everybody agrees that this was a most unfortunate occurrence.

MORE WORK FOR THE UNDERTAKER.

They say that of the army of Baldwin-Felz thugs that "went through" the miners' tent colony at Ludlow looking for arms and ammunition, one hundred and seventy-three met a sudden death within the following week. Reports of the brutalities practiced by these hired dogs pass all belief. But we are glad to record the fact that their tactics changed wholly after one hundred and seventy-three funerals occurred, following the fatalities mentioned above.

Mother Jones is in jail again. The governor of Colorado assured her that she could go anywhere in Colorado except in the southern strike zone. Two weeks ago on Sunday evening she took a train from Denver, securing a berth at the railroad yards in order to avoid publicity. Arriving at Trinidad, she rented a room and prepared to take a much-needed rest. That night at about 10 o'clock, with eight soldiers in her room and eight hundred soldiers surrounding the hotel, she was taken to the St. Raphael Hospital. She is as closely guarded as though she were in a Chicago jail, but knowing the character of the miners, it was decided to inform the public that she is in a hospital. Two sentries stand before her door and eight hundred soldiers are camped on the grounds of the "hospital."

THE CAPITALIST CONSPIRACY IN CHINA

BY G. L. HARDING



GOING TO WORK.

THERE is a long street in the hideous new factory district of Shanghai called Yangtsepoo Road. It runs for miles between rows of squalid little shops and tenements by the riverside. But toward the outskirts of the foreign settlement it strikes the big mills, and along here, just at the fall of twilight, you get the most complete picture of industrialism China yet affords.

At six o'clock the work people come streaming from the mills, a huge flood of clattering, chattering forms ebbing up and down the street against the blazing windows. But the lights in the factory windows do not go out. They burn brighter than ever in the gathering dusk, for through the great mill gates another stream is pouring in. It is the night shift. Tall Sikh watchmen guard the home-going gates and eye every worker for the bulges of stolen yarn, but the night shift pours in unwatched, by an unwatched gate. An overseer at the inside door only squints at each

one narrowly and checks off a humble name.

Those who are going out talk and laugh a little, but from those who are going in you can hardly hear a sound. What voices you do hear are

women's and children's voices. In this crowd there are not five men out of a hundred. These are women and girls and young children, and for half a mile down this street stretch the great cotton factories where fifteen thousand of them spend their lives. Most of them are country people, and you can see even in the dim light of the autumn evening their robust frames and clear, imperturbable eyes. But the mills have taken from them their freshness and on their faces there is the pinch and strain of the unrelaxing, futile drudgery of machine labor. These once fresh-faced young Chinese mothers, with their impassive refinement and their cheerful vitality, are just being touched with the blight which has disfigured Christendom.

As the last few stragglers dodge through the clanging gates, there is another little

crowd huddled outside. A Sikh constable speaks a harsh word to them and they disappear into the night. They complete the picture, for they are applicants for jobs, surplus labor, the inevitable and invaluable unemployed. "How much better it is," breathed one of the lady missionaries across the street to me, "to have even such a horrid occupation as that at the mills than to be one of those poor beggars and wretches." Soon China will have an Associated Charities with this as its motto, and the last word in civilization will have been spoken.

Of all the rapidly gathering instances of the growth of capitalism in China, the cotton industry in Shanghai witnesses most obviously and instructively to the incalculable future. There are eighteen cotton mills in Shanghai, operating a total of just under half a million spindles, or almost twice as much as all the rest of the cotton producing machinery in China put together. The hours of labor in Shanghai are from six to six, day and night, except Saturday night, when the shift extends till ten the next morning, the last four hours being spent in cleaning machinery. Then the mill is silent till six o'clock Sunday night, when the day shift goes on night work. This gives an average of an eighty-hour working week, or between a seventy-two-hour and an eighty-eight hour week. During these periods there is no time off for meals or rest. Food must be taken at the looms or not at all.

The pay is practically the same in all the mills. In the largest one, the Ewo mill, controlled by Jardine, Matheson & Co., the greatest British merchant firm in China, the women get from 10 to 20 cents a day, fixed rates being usually the rule in the spinning mill and piece work in the weaving sheds. On this scale of pay, labor is lavishly used, fifteen women being placed on 100 ring spindles, where three can do the work in Lancashire and four and one-half or five in Lawrence.

The privilege of hiring the labor is usually a graft, farmed out to Chinese overseers according to the worst traditions of chattel slave days. These "number one" men are supposed to produce so many pounds of yarn out of their wage budget, and there their responsibility stops. Naturally child labor is the breath of life to such an arrangement. A regular practice

has arisen of hiring two children at less than the price of one adult, and they are more than competent, with their skillful fingers and sharp wits, to keep up with the work. I knew what Chinese children of eight, nine and ten years of age looked like, as there were youngsters of that age in the family with whom I stayed.

I didn't visit the really bad mills; the foreman of one of them (owned by a foreign corporation) told me that he wouldn't be allowed to take his own brother over it. But in the "good" mills, little tots of eight and nine were everywhere. There were surely one of them to every ten older workers. There are no laws or restrictions of any kind against their employment, or on any other industrial subject, for that matter, as these factories are situated in the foreign settlement, and the government of the foreign settlement is controlled by the great banks in which these good capitalists deposit their profits.

These profits are certainly worth the trouble. The Ewo (foreign-controlled) concern cleared during last fiscal year on its 70,000 spindles a net profit of over \$300,000, or 57½ per cent turnover on the invested capital. The International Spinning Co., in which American capital is prominently interested, with 40,000 spindles, cleared \$185,000 during the same period, or also well over 50 per cent. On commonly accepted statistics of production this is between eight and ten times the profits gathered in Lancashire and between six and eight times the cash proceeds the cotton barons can squeeze out of the workers in the Merrimac Valley. This is the beginning of an altogether new chapter in the history of capitalist exploitation.

Remember this especially: that the men behind this movement are not Chinese. The Chinese are the victims all around. With the exception of the big government cotton mill at Hankow, which operates 80,000 spindles, foreign concerns own the biggest and most important factories in China. These pioneers are not "outsiders" either, but co-operate directly with big organized interests at home. And you may rely upon it that no one has more detailed and reliable information on just how these fabulous profits are secured than the cotton overlords of our own country and of England. The real yellow peril, like all jingo bogeys, lurks in our own country.

For the real yellow peril is this cool, far-sighted capitalist conspiracy; a conspiracy which aims to seize and bring to bear upon the economic world the incalculable advantages of China's cheap labor and boundless natural resources. How may a rapidly expanding cotton industry, such as that in China, be expected to affect the world, when it can make 60 per cent profit, and need only pay its wage slaves 10 cents a day? The more powerful its influence grows, the more potently will it tend to depress *our* standard of living, and the more effectively will it undermine the desperate struggle of the working-class movement for the very right to live.

* * *

The American Shoe Machinery Company is virtually the boot and shoe trust of the English-speaking world. Through its patents it controls 96 per cent of the shoe business in this country and 98 per cent of it in England. President Brown of this company has recently paid a visit to Peking, ostensibly to look after patents in the Far East, and incidentally he spent some weeks on a tour of solid personal observation through the treaty ports. It is an open secret that there are big projects in preparation in connection with this visit. . .

At present there is a modern shoe factory in Shanghai under the American Shoe Machinery Company's special patronage; that is, they have provided a superintendent to transform an old-style Chinese overgrown shop into an up-to-date factory. They have been turning out good shoes here recently at a cost of less than \$1.00 per pair at the factory door, and this on green help and with the inflated expense of imported leather. The labor cost of a pair of shoes made at this factory works out at about 5 cents.

Notice again that it is the big bosses who are conspicuous out here in China. Not the small fry, or "outsiders." Big business is planning a long way ahead.

An example of a trust which has already "arrived" in China is that of the British-American Tobacco Company. This is, of course, the Tobacco Trust, and it holds the Chinese markets in the hollow of its hand. Its dealings with its thousands of local Chinese competitors have been a Far Eastern counterpart of the lawless rise of the Standard Oil Company. Wholesale duplications of rival brands, the frequent and

reckless use of the lawsuit, and the activity of a special and elaborate department to kill competition have been some of the innocent agencies which have made the B. A. T. great in the land. Today it has 5,000 "missionaries" up and down the length and breadth of China, and on the largest turnover of business of any foreign firm in the Far East, it can afford a 35 per cent dividend.

When you turn to China's natural resources, you face a future of absolutely limitless development. In the single province of Shansi, Baron Richtoven testified long ago, and his authority has never been questioned, there is enough of the best quality of coal to keep the whole world at its present rate of consumption for a thousand years. There are vast coal fields in at least four other provinces, which make the 13,000,000 tons actual annual production a mere spoonful beside the gigantic developments inevitable in the near future. In the field of metalliferous ores, the case is the same. At a single mine at Tayeh, in Hupeh province, it is estimated that there are over 500,000,000 tons of iron ore exposed above the surface of the ground, only waiting to be blasted down. The oil fields of Shansi and Szerhwan have been estimated by a resident Austrian consul, who spent several months last year investigating them, to be greater in extent and productiveness than any other oil fields in the known world.

In the interior of China conditions are still changing slowly. The hand loom and the artisan's tool are still supreme over the machine and the agricultural occupations of the immense bulk of the people have not yet been seriously disturbed. But since the



MAKING COAL BALLS.

Chinese revolution some form of industrial civilization is inevitable in China. The revolutionary leaders decided on a social standard, rather than an individualistic one, to apply to the new commercial boom. And as a result their revolution has been smashed, not by foreign armies, as was the Boxer rebellion, but by banks and money credit, and the whole panoply of international capitalism in economic war. The conspiracy of capitalism is to make China a market, not a nation, and the new patriotism is extremely troublesome, especially as the revolutionary leaders have taken the measure of what capitalism has done to our own civilization. But against them, and against young China in general, international capitalism is conspiring for the enslavement of this nation as a nation never was enslaved

before. To make of China a gigantic, infernal workshop, a more hideous England of a hundred years ago, a vaster and more degraded Japan, that is the next step in the conspiracy of capitalism.

When every hoary city in China shall have a street sacred to the Moloch of child and woman slavery, like the Yangtsepoo Road in Shanghai, where the whirr of machinery fills the ears of its victims waking and sleeping for twenty-four hours in the day, then will the westernization of China thus conspired be truly begun. It is up to the organized working-class movement of the world to prevent the mighty civilization of China from being turned into a capitalist shamble. It is up to us because it is against us that this implacable far-seeing campaign is being aimed.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SOCIALIST IN JAPAN

By S. Katayama

ON the 5th of November, at 5 o'clock in the morning, there was a shock to a locomotive engine that runs on one of the Tokio suburban lines for Shinagawa. The shock came at Okubo and was caused by the death of our respected Comrade Ichizo Yamamoto, aged twenty-four years.

It was found that he killed himself, and according to a short note which he left addressed to his room-mate at his lodgings, he was perfectly content with this termination of his life.

But why did he feel so tired of life, and what was the cause of his suicide? This will interest my foreign readers, because it will show you how our government still oppresses Socialists. It is almost unbearable to be a Socialist and live under the present conditions.

Ichizo Yamamoto's death was a result of the treatment of Socialists in Japan. It will tell you how our comrades are hounded in their peaceful pursuits or when occupied in study. Yamamoto was a graduate of Count

Okuma's College. He entered on his studies four years ago and graduated last June at the head of his class. He was always a brilliant student. He spoke and read French and English well and was a great admirer of the works of Karl Marx. He became a Socialist while in high school and there edited a magazine printed by the papyrograph. When the magazine began to circulate among the students it was stopped.

Ichizo's parents died while he was young. His father belonged to the old Samurai class and became early interested in the Liberal movement. He traveled all over Japan, sometimes working as a coal or copper miner, in order to teach the political freedom. Ichizo Yamamoto carried on his father's work by becoming a Socialist. Four years ago he entered the Waseda University at Tokio to study literature and philosophy. During his university terms he was not only studious but active in the cause of Socialism. At the time of the Russo-Jap war he joined the "anti war" movement and was befriended by Kotoku and Sakai and others.

All who knew him admired and respected Yamamoto. His professors had predicted great things for him, but with the execution of Comrades Kotoku, Sagano and the others, he was persecuted and watched constantly by detectives, even when only going to his classrooms. His aunt was giving him his education and he kept bravely at his studies in spite of all kinds of intimidations and oppressions. Upon his graduation he determined to support himself and accept no more aid from his aunt, who was growing old.

His professors gave him the highest recommendations, but now the detectives were always upon his heels. Many good positions were offered to him for which he was best equipped, but always at the last moment the detectives would poison the mind of the employer, whether in a college or in a business house, and he would be rejected.

At Aoyama Gakuin, a Methodist university, these detectives prevented his enrollment by stating that the university would be surrounded by detectives watching

Yamamoto. No institution wishes to have the footprints of the police department about its doorsteps.

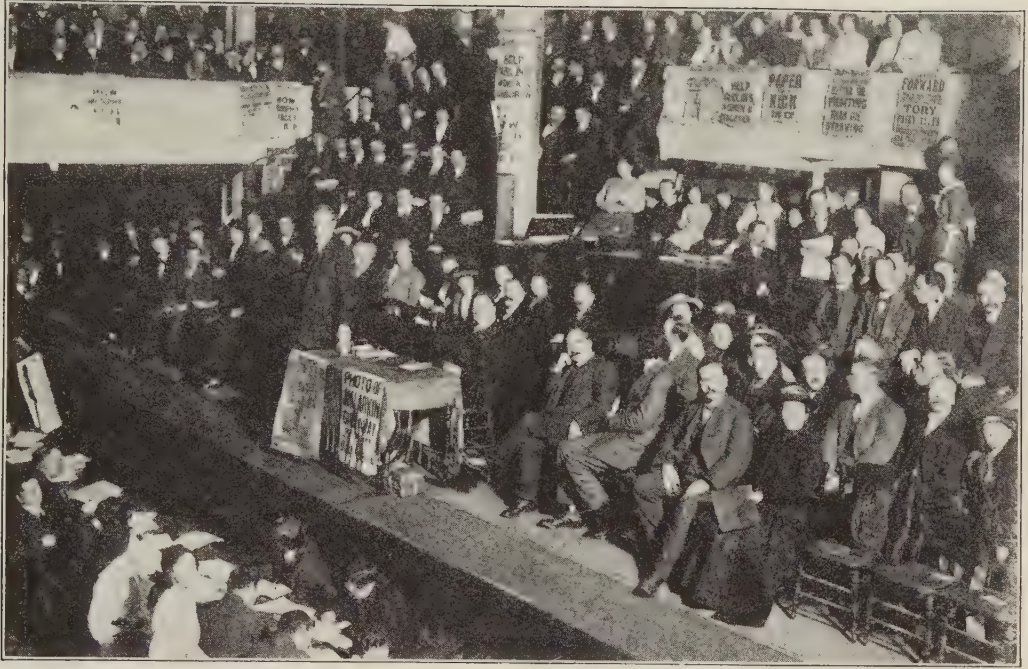
For many months he tramped the streets, securing one position and then another, all of which were torn away from him by police interference. At last, finding that it was the determination to ruin him, he decided to terminate his own life.

There are many suffering here who do not go quite so far, but who are always persecuted.

After Yamamoto's body had been inspected duly, our comrades and a few of his friends took his remains to the cremation grounds. His ashes were sent to his old home in Shinain!

Not only are Socialists hounded in Japan, the natives in Korea and Formosa are revolting sturdily under oppression. A plot of revolt was recently discovered in Formosa and 300 Formosans were arrested. Next month I shall write of conditions in the island of Formosa, the great Japanese "possession," and the rebels there.





THE LIVERPOOL MEETING

JIM LARKIN'S CALL FOR SOLIDARITY

By William D. Haywood

WHILE quietly resting in Paris to regain my health, incidentally collecting at first hand, information relative to the General Confederation of Labor, I received word from Charles Lapworth, editor of the Daily Herald of London. Lapworth will be remembered as having toured this country on the Red Special. He was editing the liveliest little propaganda sheet in England. He urged me to come to England at once, as there was going to be held a series of protest meetings under the auspices of the Herald, demanding the release of James Larkin, Secretary of the Irish Transport Workers Union, and two hundred or more men and women, members of the organization, who were then in the Mount Joy prison in Dublin.

Lapworth's letter was like a call to

arms, and though I had spoken at but one public meeting since Tom Mann's arrival in the United States, that being the occasion of a great anti-military demonstration under the auspices of the C. G. T. in Wagram Hall, Paris, I decided to go to England and do what little I could in behalf of the Irish fighters.

Before leaving Paris I met with the secretaries of the different Federations affiliated with the C. G. T., and asked them for an expression of international solidarity in behalf of the locked-out workers at Dublin. They gave me 1,000 francs and the following inspiring letter:

To Our Comrades in Dublin; Fraternal Greetings!

In the name of the General Confederation of Labor, the Union of Metal Workers, of Builders, of Woodworkers, of

Leatherworkers, of Caterers, of Glassworkers, of Jewelers, of Port and Dock Workers and of the Union of the Seine Syndicates, we are sending through Comrade Haywood the sum of 1,000 francs (£40) to help you to maintain the courageous fight you are waging against your masters.

On behalf of the above organizations, we congratulate you on your courage and tenacity.

With you heart and soul, we are carefully following all the phases of your grand struggle. We see in this great fight an example and encouragement, and the message we send you is that your unselfish efforts cannot but rouse a new fighting element in the working-class movement of England, a forward step which will draw you nearer to the proletariat of this country. We are sure that the ultimate victory will be yours.

Confident in this hope we send you our fraternal and international greetings.

Long live the Union of all proletarians, educated in one and the same hatred of exploitation and one and the same hope of the ultimate and complete victory of Labor.

(Signed) LEON JOUHAUX, Secretary.
(For the C. G. T.)

Thus armed I proceeded to England. Larkin had been released the night I left Paris. It was the mighty pressure of the English workers that compelled the politicians of England and Ireland to throw open his prison doors. Larkin had crossed the Channel to speak at the meeting that was to have been a protest in his behalf. I first met him in the Clarion Café at Manchester. We were not strangers, being acquainted with each other's work. After shaking hands I sized up the splendid fellow. Height, six foot two, weight, two hundred and ten pounds, a well poised head, slightly stooped from breaking sacks of grain across his shoulders while working as a dock laborer. Clear, penetrating, grey blue, Irish eyes, the brow of a poet and coarse iron grey hair, prominent Roman nose, a firm chin, and mouth that smiles for friends and little children. Big hands and feet, a soft voice though harsh with much speaking, a handsome man, not molded, but hewed out with an adze, a

fighter, every inch of him. This is Jim Larkin in repose.

That night I heard him in the Free Trade Hall, addressing an audience that packed that great building to the doors. So great was the enthusiasm and desire to see and hear Larkin that an overflow crowd of 20,000 stood in the drizzling rain, ankle deep in mud, waiting for him to conclude his speech in the Hall. And what a speech! He described the condition to which capitalism had brought the workers in Dublin, Belfast, Sligo, in Cork and throughout the entire industrial region of the little Green Isle. It was a terrific indictment. The torture and indignities imposed upon the locked-out workers in Dublin by William Martin Murphy and the rest of the Citizens Alliance of Ireland's capital were equaled only by some of the labor struggles that we have known so well in this country.

Larkin told of the time, less than five years ago, when he first organized the Irish Transport Workers and General Laborers' Union. The wages then in some branches were as low as 11 shillings, (\$2.75) a week. He recalled instances of girls in factories receiving one shilling weekly; of agricultural workers brutalized at a wage of \$2.00, the condition of Irish farm laborers being as bad as the dairy workers and farm laborers of Denmark, where the Polish emigrants under contract, receive but a kronex (25 cts.) a day. Through the power of the Union, things have been improved in Dublin for labor of all classes, even the skilled workers have largely benefited through the influence and support of the Transport Workers' Organization, which is an organized One Big Union, including 37 branches, extending their sheltering support to all forms of labor. This accounts for the vicious attack that is being made upon it at this time.

Preceding Larkin's speech, James Connolly, Larkin's associate in Ireland, well known to the workers of the United States, having soap-boxed from coast to coast, addressed the meeting, and also the overflow. Connolly's arraignment of conditions in Dublin was in no wise second to that of Larkin himself. He told of 21,000 families living in single rooms, performing, within four walls, all the functions of human life, from birth to death.

With deliberate forcefulness he described the brutality of the police in quelling pickets and the strikers' meetings, and invading the strikers homes. One instance that chilled the blood of his hearers was the police entering the room of a mother upon her maternity bed, with her new born child but a few days old. There the blue coated fiends beat the prostrate woman, nearly killing her, while a blow from one of their clubs ended the life of her babe. It was such statements of fact coming from the mouths of men who knew them to be true, that roused the audience at Manchester to a pitch of frenzy, and a determination to stand by their Dublin brothers and sisters to the bitter end.

This was the crusade of the "Fiery Cross" that Larkin threatened when released from jail. When speaking from one of the windows of Liberty Hall, he said:

"We have successfully fought the strongest government of modern times. We have compelled the government to release an ordinary dock laborer like myself. I may tell you this and don't forget it: We are going to win this battle, and if we fall we will fall fighting. Our battle is only started. The government made a mistake in sending me to prison, but a bigger one in releasing me, because now they will have to release all of the others.

"I am going over to England in a few hours, and before many days have passed the workers will be aroused not only in Dublin, but all over Great Britain."

* * * *

The workers of Manchester remembered me from the meetings held there during my former visit, as was shown by their splendid reception.

From Manchester I went with Larkin to London, where a meeting had been arranged in Albert Hall. The Herald League had but five days to prepare for it, but the popularity of Larkin and the cause he represents filled the hall to its capacity of 12,000, while 30,000 additional applications for tickets were made by those who were anxious to hear him.

It was on this occasion that the medical students and students of the School of Mines tried to disrupt the meeting. First they attempted to wreck the electric plant, but their work was ineffective.

A large body of them gained entrance to the corridors and tried to make their way into the body of the hall, when they were met by an army of ushers who were prepared for such an onslaught. The treatment that was meted out to the young University cubs will not soon be forgotten by them. One of their number was picked up bodily and thrown through a glass door, landing on the stone steps outside the Royal Entrance.

These meetings were the forerunners of a campaign for working class solidarity, such as Great Britain had never known. The next day Larkin had an informal conference with members of the parliamentary committee of the Trade Union Congress. Members of this committee took occasion to say that the meetings that had been held, at which they had no opportunity to speak, did not represent the spirit and feelings of the British workers, that the attendance was largely middle class. That night Larkin remarked to me that if he was not reaching the workers through the meetings, he would reach them through the press, and he issued his famous manifesto to the British workers.

The appearance of this manifesto aroused the indignation of the labor leaders. They were entangled in a mesh from which they could not extricate themselves. The rank and file were clamoring for action. James, a lone locomotive engineer at Swansea had precipitated what looked as though it would develop into a general strike, by refusing longer to handle scab goods. Seventeen hundred engineers came out on strike in Wales, in sympathy with James and the workers in Dublin. It required all of the scheming and pressure that officials like Thomas and Williams of the Railway Men's Union, could bring to bear to get the railroaders back to work.

In the meantime Larkin was carrying his message throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. The workers in all the great industrial centers such as Cardiff, Swansea, Bristol, Sheffield, Birmingham, Hull, Liverpool, Leicester, New-Castle-on-Tyne, Leeds, Wakefield, Preston, Glasgow, Edinburgh, heard his call for Solidarity, and his demand that British trade unionists should no longer scab on the Transport Workers of Ire-

land by loading or unloading ships for Dublin or other ports that would affect the strike.

Parting with Larkin at Birmingham I went to Dublin and he to Hull and other places. Crossing that rough piece of water, called St. Georges Channel, I approached the land that has been made historic in poetry and song. I could see but little of the Dublin Bay that has been likened in beauty to that of Naples. Night was gathering and only shore lines and outlines of the hills were visible and through the gloom, the glittering of the lights of Kingston. It was but a few minutes by train from the dock that I found myself surrounded by a great crowd at the depot in Dublin. A jaunting car took me to the hotel. That night I visited Liberty Hall, the headquarters of those who are locked out and the strikers. It was a busy place; halls and rooms were crowded as I made survey of the soup kitchen, meeting halls and offices.

In room number 7, Connolly presided in the absence of Larkin. While dis-

cussing matters with him the place was invaded by the chief of police and an attending officer. The functionary started to tell Connolly that there could be no demonstration around the jail as had previously been arranged for the next day. To this stricture Connolly replied to the bulky chief, "We know our rights as citizens, and there will be a parade tomorrow." The chief continued his warning when Connolly called his attention to a lie that the officer had told in court. Pointing to a proclamation on the wall, Connolly in a challenging voice said to the chief, "You swore that that had never been printed or posted. Look at it. Is that a Proclamation?"

The officer hedged and said:

"I didn't come here to talk about proclamations, but to warn you that there shall be no demonstration tomorrow."

Connolly looked up from his work, saying:

"If that is your message and you have nothing more to deliver you had better get out."



PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN.

(Left to Right)—Standing—Sharply, Pearce, Forsyth, Manson. Sitting—Pursell, Tillett, Boswick, O'Donnell, Larkin, Williams, Haywood and Jim Connolly.

The policeman said: "Thank you, for your reception."

Connolly said: "You're welcome," and with that the officers left the room.

The next day, Sunday, in Catholic, church-going Dublin, there was a great gathering of the clans at Croyden Park. This is an old Manor place of about sixteen acres and a mansion of seventy-two rooms. On this property the Transport Workers' Union has secured an option and proposes at some future time to purchase it for their convenience and pleasure. It was on the green field immediately in front of the mansion that Captain White, an ex-army officer began to marshal the members of the Citizens Army. Here the members of the different Unions armed with hurleys, sticks and clubs went through the manoeuvres of a military body. This military organization had been formed for the purpose of self protection of themselves, wives and children against the onslaughts of the police. It is the intention to drill and arm this body of men in regular military fashion. However, some complications have arisen which may prevent it, as the King of England has issued a proclamation against the shipment of arms, ordnance, gunpowder or ammunition of any kind to Ireland. This edict seems to be directed against the Irish workers as the Protestants of Ulster have been allowed to arm themselves against a possible home rule government in Ireland, without protest.

After the gathering at Croyden Park the workers formed in line of procession with bands of music and thrilling notes from Irish pipers. They marched through the city around the Mount Joy jail, giving mighty cheers for their imprisoned comrades, thence to the Square in front of Liberty Hall, where it was my privilege to speak for the first time on Irish soil.

There was no sense of weakening among the workers, and by a unanimous uplift of hands, they pledged themselves to stand by each other until the fight was over. It was a unique sight to look over that vast audience. Some had advanced to martial orders to the very front of the stand with their sticks and clubs; in each coat lapel, the sign of their Union, a red hand, could be seen.

After the meeting I went on a tour of investigation. Meeting Miss Delia Larkin, a sister of Jim, I secured many interesting facts about the women and the part that they had played in the great strike. Miss Larkin is just as interesting a character as her brother Jim. She knows every detail of the work and during his absence has assisted in all departments in conducting the affairs of the Union and editing the "Irish Worker," their official organ. There are about 5,000 women and girls organized in the Irish Women Workers' Union, of which she is secretary. Since the lock-out and strike has been on, the burden of caring for the women and children has largely been upon her shoulders. She has been enabled to do wonders through the contribution of food and clothing that has come to them from the workers in England. It would not be too much to say that \$500,000 has been subscribed in pennies and pounds for the relief of the Transport Workers.

Miss Larkin's work is far-reaching. Not only is she providing for the immediate sustenance of the families, but she is developing a spirit of rebellion and discontent in the breasts of the children.

She said to me:

"I am feeding and clothing these children with the very best that I can get; better than they have ever known. It is my purpose to give them such good things now that they will never be satisfied again with the conditions that prevailed before the strike."

It was the intention of Miss Larkin and the officials of the Union to follow the example of the workers of Lawrence and Patterson, and send some hundreds of the children away during the time the strike was on, to be taken care of by the workers of different towns in England. In this work they were being assisted by Dora B. Montefiore, and Mrs. Rand. They were only able to get a few of the children away on account of the opposition of the police and thugs, who were backed up by the Archbishop and the priests.

After a brief but very interesting and instructive time in Dublin, I left with Connolly to meet Larkin in Liverpool for a meeting to be held there in Sun Hall,



DUBLIN KIDDIES.

Dec. 25. The meeting was equal in all respects to those held elsewhere, though efforts were planned to disrupt it. Incidentally Larkin had shown up the character of James Sexton, secretary of the Dockers' Union of Liverpool. It was this same Sexton whom Larkin charged with being a party to his arrest and imprisonment some years previous. The dockers of Liverpool, not knowing the truth of this affair, caused a bill to be circulated previous to the meeting, headed:

"Larkin, the Liar," instructing their members to go to Sun Hall and permit Larkin no further talk until he apologized to Sexton.

In spite of apparent hostilities, nothing transpired to mar the success of the meeting.

I remained over a day in Liverpool to visit the kiddies who were living at Wallacey. A happy group they were, and every one from little Pat in his high chair to the oldest sang out, "We won't go back to 'Dooblin.'" Heartily they sang the songs of the strike and shouted 'Up Larkin'.

At all the great meetings held throughout Great Britain, resolutions pledging support both financial and moral were unanimously adopted. It seemed that this lead would give the Trade Union officers the backing and courage for

action, so essential to win the Dublin strike when they met in special session of congress on Dec. 9. The rank and file of railway men and dockers who held the key to the situation were ready and waiting for the signal, but when the congress met, one would judge by the action and speeches that the main purpose was to curtail and limit the power and work of Larkin. He was condemned and villified by leaders such as Thomas, Williams, Sexton, Cotter and Willie Anderson. Against them all the big fellow held his own in fine style. While no sympathetic strike was declared, a resolution was adopted to continue financial support, and that the committee representing the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, the General Federation of Trade Unions and the Labor Party Executive, should continue their negotiations for a settlement with the Employers of Dublin.

Whatever may be the outcome of these negotiations, the workers of Dublin are not going to abjure their connection with the Irish Transport Workers Union, which is the demand of the employer. The workers know that this Union has meant a new life to them and in the words of Larkin "They are marching toward the rising sun, and will stand in its effulgence free men and women."

PLAYING THE COMRADES FOR SUCKERS

By Em. Revores

UNTILL recently I believed that all the fools, suckers and "live ones" of the carpet bag variety were outside of the Socialist movement. Close study, however, of the general psychology of the rank and file of the movement during the last few years caused a radical change in my former conception.

The Barnums of the twentieth century have discovered that as for being humbugged no one seems to like it better than a Socialist. So they are working them for all they're worth. These modern gold brick venders have discovered a new field for their operations. And from their point of view it is a field full of promises for future development, full of possibilities or future exploitation. For, isn't the Socialist movement continually growing?

They can sell the comrades anything from a magazine subscription to a building lot in the middle of the Atlantic. All they have to do is put a Socialist label on their wares, or print their letter-heads in red ink and it's the surest bait that ever caught a fish.

This is not a tirade against the comrades who have allowed themselves to be duped. It is rather a warning intended to checkmate the future exploits of the trappers in the Socialist hunting ground.

Since the day that the Socialist movement in America began to show signs of numbers and emerged from its swaddling clothes, leeches of every description found their way, directly and indirectly, into the movement and exploited the enthusiasm and good will of the credulous comrades for all they were worth.

A few years ago a financial adventurer launched a magazine for no other purpose but to unload shares in a mine situated fifty miles from nowhere. And the shares were bought up by the comrades with an eagerness that would put to shame the red man's appetite for fire-water. Workingmen mortgaged their shanties and raised money to "invest." Others took the few dollars saved through self-denial of necessities and ex-

changed them for Holy Creek mine stock. And pray why hesitate to invest? Didn't that "comrade" say black on white and he's doing it for the comrades only?

Not a few of these investors cherished the illusion that from this mine would emanate the financial back-bone of the Social Revolution. Others are resting satisfied today that at its worst it was not a bad investment. For after all they figured it out that these shares are bound to have an historical value in post-revolutionary days. For then the collector of archives in the department of history of the Revolution in the Historical Museum of the Co-operative Commonwealth will offer a fabulous fortune for these rare documents. And so if these investors with a nose for business do not expect to have this come about during their lifetime, they can, at least, bequeath these shares to their offsprings with the advice to hold on to them as a family heirloom.

After this gentleman Socialist made his melodramatic exit to newer regions, others stepped into his boots and made a mighty march after the few dollars still left in the pockets of the rank and file. Some of them offered "sure winners" in building lots somewhere on this planet between the poles and the continents. Others led us and bled us into wholesale and retail co-operatives. Still others offered us stereopticon lamps, world histories, libraries of plagiarised research, co-operative commonwealth washing machines, study at home law courses, etc., etc., ad naseam. All these propositions were backed up with the guarantee "for Socialists only," "only for my comrades," etc. It occurred to me that these guarantees were stating a truth. Because no one but a Socialist would digest anything like these "comradely" propositions.

Do I pose as the wise guy? Oh, no. I was a live one, too. I bit like a dog at a chicken bone. I just emerged from a few of these "investments" minus a little cash that would cause a little less worry in the approaching economic crisis.

And here is the latest sugar-coated prop-

osition that we were made to swallow. The interesting point is how nicely and in what quantities we swallowed it.

It is necessary to go back a few years to see how the pill was prepared for us. A few years ago the circulation of one of the capitalist magazines was rapidly declining. Investigation into the cause of the decline brought out the fact that the majority of its readers no longer cared for the "they lived happy ever after" type of stories but wanted something vital dealing with present-day problems.

Harrowing outrages committed by the Diaz regime in Mexico occupied the stage of public interest in the United States. The Socialist and radical element in the people protested a great desire for information about Mexico. This gave the magazine the cue. A well-known writer, who eventually became a Socialist, was engaged by this magazine. He was sent down to Mexico. He told the truth as he saw it. He turned the searchlight on the prevailing peonage system in the mines and on the ranches of this unhappy land. Radicals of all types found in this magazine just what they were yearning to know. The circulation went up by leaps and bounds and so did advertising rates. An era of prosperity set in for this magazine.

But a mistake was made somewhat in that editorial brothel. The writer committed the unpardonable journalistic crime of telling the whole truth about Mexico. He did not color the articles. He told outright who the gentlemen were that owned the mines and ranches. He held the American capitalists responsible for the state of peonage, for the countless murders and crimes that were perpetrated upon all showing the least sign of revolt. The writer was ignorant of capitalist journalistic ethics.

The result. Wires were pulled in Wall street. The magazine was given a financial pinch in the arm as a pretaste of what might happen if it did not put the kibosh on the expose. The big advertisers joined the chorus. The articles were stopped abruptly without notice to the writer. The men behind the magazine, in the mean time, achieved their aim. They resurrected a dead publication.

This magazine has set a formula how to resurrect or revive dying or dead publications. Every capitalist editor in the country

tucked this formula away in some corner of his brain so that it might be ready for use in case of emergency.

Not long after the kibosh was put on the expose of conditions in Mexico, another magazine was on the verge of passing into oblivion for lack of circulation. Something had to be done to rekindle the dying embers of this dying publication. The managing editor was worried. He saw his job as well as his reputation slipping through his fingers. Night after night he nervously paced his library till the small morning hours in an effort to develop some idea. At last, one morning after he had consumed about two score of cigarettes to pacify his racking nerves, the happy inspiration came. He clearly recalled how one of the contemporaries played the "radical" game with no small amount of success. He now remembered that somewhere in his cranium there was stored away an excellent little formula. And he began to reason with himself thus: "Now let me see. What is it that is absorbing the public's attention just at present. What are the people most interested in. These are the things that we must know and take up as a new "policy" for our magazine." From the experience of his contemporary, which became notorious as a result of its unfinished Mexican expose, he knew that the plan would work. He also knew that "muck raking" of politics was all up and the people no longer cared for it. Something more radical than "muck raking" had to be adopted as a "policy."

That week the office staff was busily engaged in gathering and studying statistics and all available information relative to the growth of Socialist sentiment in America. After some conservative deductions this editor came to the conclusion that there must be, at least, two million Socialist sympathizers in the United States. He carefully made out his plan and laid it before the owners of the magazine. They approved of it after a very brief and pointed discussion. The new "policy" of the magazine was announced.

Prominent Socialists, of international repute, were engaged writing series of articles dealing with Socialism from various angles. These articles were featured on the magazine cover and illustrated by Socialist cartoonists.

Many Socialists were engaged as sub-

scription solicitors, and, of course, got subscriptions from the comrades. Why not? Didn't they show black on white that the magazine's new "policy" is everything that a Socialist could wish for?

I want to say right here that I entertain the greatest respect and admiration for the comrades who wrote for this magazine. I believe that it would be a mistake to miss such an opportunity of reaching tens of thousands of persons with the message of Socialism. Had I the ability and opportunity to write on Socialism I would even expound Socialism in an avowedly anti-Socialist publication. All I would want to know is how many persons will read my brief for Socialism. That's all I would concern myself about. I would not care what the medium is, what its motives are as long as I were given the opportunity of putting my message across to the readers.

Well, let us get back to that magazine. Every means was used of directing the Socialists' attention to the new "policy" of the magazine. Being Socialists we always try to find a motive in everything. Our curiosity was aroused and we wondered why a capitalist magazine would come out in the open and give Socialism a boost. I, at that time, came to the conclusion that there must be a few millionaire Socialists back of the enterprise and I bought the magazine religiously every month. A Niagara of subscriptions poured into the offices of this magazine, while real Socialist publications were on the verge of bankruptcy. The generous shower of money, from sympathizers, kept on for some time. But history repeats itself.

The editors made the mistake of permitting the writers to put unadulterated Socialism across in pages. The articles instead of being of a purely philosophical and theoretical character took on the tone of pure propaganda for Socialism. Many heathen were converted to our cause and in their enthusiasm informed the editors of that magazine of their conversion. The editors found that while the bait worked on the Socialists as far as boosting the circulation goes, it also had an effect unforeseen by them—the articles actually made Socialists.

Again strings were pulled in Wall street. The magazine received notice to "cut it out." The advertisers seconded the motion. And now lo and behold! The worm has

turned again as in the previous case with the articles on barbarous Mexico. The Socialist tone of the magazine came to a short stop. Without any notice to the readers they put a halt on Socialist articles.

But all this did not happen suddenly. Any one who has made a close study of what appeared in the magazine could perceive a gradual transformation. Gradually it came down until the last card was played with the Shaw article on Equality in the December (1913) number. Here a prize was offered for the best answer to Shaw. The answer, it was announced, would be published in the February (1914) number. This come-on game was pulled off around Christmas time when most of the subscriptions of Socialists expire (December, 1913 being approximately a year since the beginning of the "Socialist" policy).

The temptation of the prize-winning answer to the Shaw article was held out as a bait for the Socialists to renew their subscriptions while the management of the magazine had something up its sleeve. Many of them did renew before the January number came off the press. And here is the double cross. The following are some excerpts from the editorial entitled "What We Mean by Socialism," appearing in the January (1914) number:

A GREAT many people have asked us to define what we mean by Socialism. It is a perfectly fair request. **Take our advertisers, for example.* Any one who knows anything about the modern publishing business is aware that the advertiser pays about two thirds of the cost of producing any successful magazine. But in a general way our columns are open to all advertisers doing a clean, straightforward business. And *without their support* we could not exist a month.

For our own part we cannot see why in the world we should not *treat the advertiser* like any ordinary human being and subscriber, *especially as he is paying* for the greater part of the contents of the magazine, and is *naturally as keen a critic of its pages* as any other kind of reader.

But it would be, to our mind, just as immoral if we were to *accept his money* and then *do everything in our power to destroy his business*, as it would be to take our policy from him. In other words, if we preach Socialism to our readers he has a *right to know what kind of Socialism* we are preaching, and whether it is likely to *ruin the business* that he is advertising through our columns. And we certainly do not want to leave him or any other reader in the dark as to what we do mean.

AMONG the many *fallacies* that have hurt the advance of Socialism is the idea that the

*All italics are mine.

class war is the mainspring of the movement. The class war is today the banner of the ignorant Socialist (who is not a Socialist at all) just as it is the weapon of the anti-Socialist.

BUT how shall we fight for it? By arson and dynamite, like Mrs. Pankhurst and the McNamaras? By the marshaling of human beings against human beings, as Huerta fights Carranza? By starvation and disease, as a general in war reduces a beleaguered city? Surely not. Killing men is the silliest manner of trying to convince them that they are wrong. And killing business and thereby starving millions of people is the most futile way of attempting to make a community prosperous.

Real progress will only come about when the whole people feel that things are wrong and that they might be put right. You cannot bludgeon them into feeling that way. Nor can you accomplish anything at all unless you begin with yourself. Before the Socialist attacks individuals or classes he must do his own housecleaning, and then he will find that he is not alone right, and all the rest wrong, but that he is just as wrong as any one else. We have to sympathize with each other before we can help each other. We might even sympathize with Andrew Carnegie and believe that he was absolutely sincere when he wrote years ago that the man who dies rich dies disgraced. It is very easy for a poor man to be a Socialist; but not so easy for him to be the right kind of Socialist, or to continue being a Socialist when he gets rich.

THE great aim, therefore, of our Socialism is not merely to pass laws, not to destroy the business of the country, not to array labor against capital in civil war, but to create a feeling and a desire on the part of the prosperous to share that prosperity with the poor and needy. Already the desire is coming. Sympathy with the aims of Socialism is steadily increasing. Railroad magnates know that the men who do the work of the railroads do not get reward enough. They would like to give them more. In recent appeals and strikes for higher wages the sympathy of the public has almost invariably been on the side of the workers. The world is surely moving in the right direction. But it moves slowly. So far the increase of wages has been laid if possible on the consumer. So prices go up, and the workman has to pay more for his food and lodging, and he finds himself just where he was before. The next step will be to realize that the only way to break the vicious circle is to stop putting all the burden of higher wages on the consumer, and to let capital forego some of its reward. That means self-sacrifice on the part of the rich and prosperous. We have not reached that point yet. But at least we can help on the good cause if we go on creating the right feeling.

And let us dispose at once of the foolish idea that we regard all capitalists or employers of labor as criminals because they use the established methods of business. If we did so we should have no right to accept a line of advertising.

What is needed is a passionate feeling that the present unequal system is wrong and that there must be a better way.

Indeed, the business man who, like ourselves,

has a Socialistic ideal will best assist the community at large by making *his business as successful as possible*, while doing everything he can for the workers under an admittedly imperfect system. It certainly *will not hurt his business to sympathize with the toiling masses*; for it is an easily demonstrated fact that the most successful businesses today are those which do most for their skilled and unskilled labor.

In the same issue of the magazine we find the usual "Tidings of the Times" department, which gave every month a real Socialist interpretation and review of the news of the month, missing. No reason is given for the absence of this department. This department was the last and only Socialist feature of the December number. It was silently dropped like a hot potato. For it too contained unadulterated Socialism.

We're stung again.

It is a pitiable and deplorable sight to behold real good strong and instructive Socialist publications like *The New York Call* (especially *The Sunday Calls*), *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, *The Party Builder*, *The New Review*, *The Buffalo Socialist* and many others having the struggle of their life to get a dollar's worth of support from some of the comrades, while on the other hand these very Socialists will readily spend many dollars for a capitalist magazine that mentions the word "Socialism" somewhere within its pages. Here's *The Call*, the only Socialist daily we have in the East, daily on the verge of bankruptcy and in danger of suspension, because the comrades are reluctant in supporting it. Still I will venture to say that wherever the aforementioned magazine has made one Socialist, *The Call* has made a few hundred. Find the man that is kicking that *The Call*, *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* or any other of our party-member controlled publications is not up to the standard, find the man that criticises the way this or that publication is gotten up and I'll show you the man who never contributed a cent to the support of the publications he's attacking, but is ever ready to fall for any capitalist publication that will use a little red ink in the make-up of its pages.

Nor is this aforementioned magazine the only one to use that kind of bait for the hundreds of thousands of Socialists in this country today. Another magazine is conducting a debate on Socialism which is made to run through eight numbers of the maga-

zine. It means an almost double circulation to that magazine for the eight months. This raises the advertising rates, and swells dividends. And our sympathizers are paying for it all.

Many other magazines are following suit. They are playing the "radical" game to the limit, while our own publications feel the financial effects of it.

Of course, it gives me great satisfaction to see the immense publicity that Socialism gets. But my contention-bone is why should the Socialists be made to pay for it. Why can't we rest satisfied that they are doing it and let them do it as long as they want to. But let's go no further. Let us not permit them to exploit us in this "fad" of theirs. Let not their incentive to advertise Socialism be stimulated by the fact that we will be the suckers.

Henceforth let us all resolve never to allow ourselves to be duped again. Let us never fall for a gold brick simply because the word "Socialism" is printed across the face of the brick, even though it be printed in red ink. Let us never buy any shares or building lots simply because the promoter calls himself "comrade," or even if he promises to give part of the "proceeds" to the cause. No publication that is not controlled by the Socialist Party or by Socialist Party members is good enough for us, no matter how radical it may not appear to be. If we want to buy them or read them let it be for some other reason and not because of the fact that it turned "radical." No dollar of ours that we can spare should go elsewhere but to the support of our own affairs, our own institutions, our own publications.

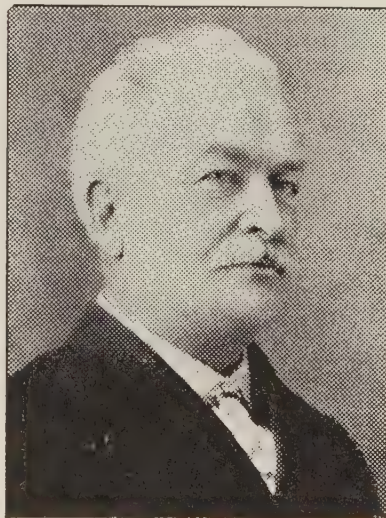
The First Vienna Victor

DR. L. H. GIBBS, former candidate for Congress on the Socialist party ticket of Scranton, Pa., is the first winner of THE REVIEW trip to the International Socialist Congress to be held in Vienna, Austria, next summer. Within two months after he began taking subscriptions, Comrade Gibbs had forwarded 370 yearlies to THE REVIEW. We feel sure our thousands of readers will join us in congratulating the Doctor on his success and in wishing him health and happiness during his trip abroad.

From Boston comes twenty-eight yearly subs. to be placed to the credit of Comrade Orlando L. Carpenter, who is a young comrade 17 years of age, and a charter member of the Young People's Socialist League of Boston. He will graduate from high school this year and is working hard to win the free trip over to the Congress.

Comrade Kate Kidwell of Jackson, Mich., fires in a bunch of yearlies and writes that "these are all brakemen on the M. C. railroad. Next Sunday I will get the conductors." Comrade Kate is a "live" one, and we are willing to bet a Chicago skyscraper against a package of Bull Durham that she will round up 300 subscriptions and then some.

George Bundy of Warren, Ohio, sends in a bunch of thirteen and writes that "I will work for THE REVIEW just the same, whether winning or not."



COMRADE GIBBS.

Dr. Madge Patton Stephens of Terre Haute, Ind., will soon be heard from, and hardly a day passes but what Comrade L. T. Rush of Cedar Rapids, Ia., sends in one or more. John Burns of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and A. G. Ward of Washington, Pa., a Socialist news dealer and literature salesman, expects to take enough subscriptions to win a free trip for himself and for his very lovely little daughter, who will probably be the very youngest member of THE REVIEW party.

The Miners' War in Colorado

By George N. Falconer

AN invitation from the Trinidad Socialist Local enabled us to spend ten days among the miners in the strike zone. The need for working-class Socialist propaganda was demonstrated beyond all peradventure. Meetings were held in Trinidad, Ludlow, Starkville, Augillar—all storm centers during the present strike.

Ludlow is unique in the annals of industrial warfare. Over 500 miners and their families are housed in tents on land leased by the Miners' Union. Here they eat and drink with an ever watchful eye on their enemy, the armed soldiery, camped a few rods to the right of them. What a sight! Workers on one side; the armed Hessians of capitalism on the other, each watching and fearing the other!

Under Ludlow's silent, snow-clad plains lies the bones of more than one "thugman" and "plug-ugly," fit testimony of the truth that he who lives by the gun shall die by the gun. A new chapter in working-class history is being written on Ludlow's rock-bound plain! Ludlow! the tent city of mountain and plain.

A splendid meeting was held in the big tent, and a quantity of anti-military literature distributed. The men were very hungry for something to read.

At Augillar another rousing big meeting was held. A company of soldiers surrounded the hall during the meeting. Company spies were on hand, reporting everything said. They may have learned something!

Preceding the Starkville meeting, an Italian comrade, Amando Pelizzari, union organizer, and I were honored by being arrested as dangerous persons. The guard escorted us to military headquarters—a coal company's office—and we were examined as follows:

Guard: "Two prisoners, sir." Captain: "What is the charge?" Guard: "They are agitators, I think, sur." The guard was a Mick; you could tell it by his brogue and his breath. Captain: "Any weapons?" ad-

ressing the prisoners. "Yes, some dynamite," pulling from our pocket a copy of Kirkpatrick's "Mental Dynamite." Just the faintest flicker of a smile crept over the faces of Mike and the Captain. Captain: "Guard! we have not sufficient charges against these men; release them." Guard: "Yes, sur." Turning to us: "Prisoners, ye're released!" Guard salutes, shoulders his musket and marches, proud as a turkey cock. Piff, puff, pizzle! What fools we mortals be when dressed in a little brief authority!

Over 200 miners were waiting in the hall to receive us. What a big warm welcome! There is something elemental in the man who digs our coal! "Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal as of the scepter of this planet." His is the face of a *man*, living, *manlike*. Over 600 miners made up the meeting in Walsenburg, but as other speakers had already been billed, we merely helped swell the audience. There was no literature for this meeting—something not uncommon at all, pure and simple trade union meetings. All the literature we brought from Trinidad was exhausted at the close of the Augillar meeting, where the men good-naturedly mobbed us in their anxiety to secure a bit of brain stuff.

The Socialist party, state and national, is sadly derelict in its duty in failing to supply competent speakers and working-class literature to the men now battling for a few elemental rights. During a strike the men have leisure; they have time to spare for reading; their minds are in a receptive mood. The union pays each striker \$3 per week for victuals, but fails to supply brain food. The job of revolutionizing the brain of the worker is left to the Socialist; but in this instance he, too, is negligent. The Socialists of Denver tried hard to get out a 20,000 edition of their party paper, *The Colorado Worker*, devoted to the strike exclusively, but owing to a cancellation of

8,000 which were to go to the strike zone only about 13,000 were printed. Someone inside the union didn't want Socialist papers to be read by the miners. Why this opposition to Socialist work? Here is a partial explanation: Many union officials are against Socialist activity in any shape or form. Strange it may be, but true.

Several officials, members of our Socialist State and National Executive Committees seem to be in tacit agreement with this policy. Socialist propaganda, they say, tends to antagonize "business men" and thus hinders a speedier settlement of the strike. Moreover, *politics must be kept out of the union*. Just so! Democratic, Republican or Progressive politics are permissible, but Socialism as a political factor! It might confuse and baffle the situation. Don't encourage Socialist propaganda—wait until the strike is settled, etc., etc.

"Wherever the labor movement is," once observed Marx, "*there* the class struggle is fought," business or no business.

Unfortunately, many of our leaders, so-called, have not emancipated themselves from the debauching influence of the business man's creed. Hence their reactionary tendencies. This talk of "No politics in the union" is as stupid as a man trying to escape his own shadow. Frank Bohn, in the December REVIEW states the case exactly:

"In the small town there is no well-defined labor movement. In the large cities there is usually a reactionary labor union machine working hand in glove with this or that capitalist political crowd. When patronage is dispensed the labor politicians are not forgotten. *Until the labor unions become revolutionary in character*, they must ordinarily be reckoned among the enemies of the Socialist party." This covers the Colorado situation admirably.

"WATCH YOUR OFFICIALS"—SAID MOTHER JONES.

The average union labor leader takes himself too seriously. "The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class." And so it will be forever, says the official, who has been raised from the ranks to his present high position. But—the privates have *their* views about that. There is too much officialdom and too little democracy in all of our craft and industrial unions. We heard more than one miner speak of the high-salaried officials and the

common tendency in every union to rule from the top down. The rank and file pay all the bills; they justly feel they should do more of the ruling.

A labor convention was called in Denver during December, the object being to devise ways and means of helping the striking miners and the declaring of a general strike. Five hundred delegates were present. Many speeches were delivered. Lots of resolutions passed. The governor was cross examined and grilled by delegates who crowded the state house. Unless he did so and so within five days, petitions for his recall would be circulated. Many other things were said and done, but no one was hurt. General Chase is still doing duty in the strike zone; Governor Ammons rests easy in his official chair; the operators continue to import "scabs" with the kindly assistance of the militia. No general strike has been called. It was never meant to be called; the nature of craft unionism forbade. The "bluff," however, was carried through amid much shouting, only instead of bluffing the capitalists, which was the intent, the workers were once more bluffed.

THE MILITIA A SCAB AGENCY.

The object in sending the militia to the strike region was, as per the capitalist press, to "maintain peace and order." The real object, however, is to act as a "scab agency." The patriotic militiamen have become "scab herders." Each mining camp is guarded by militiamen. Guns, swords, bayonets are everywhere in evidence. Strike breakers are being imported under military supervision. The soldiers are the servants of the mine owners, paid for by the state.

One day a trainload of strike breakers rolled in from St. Louis. They were quickly transferred to a waiting train which conveyed them to their respective mine camps. Militiamen with unsheathed bayonets pressed the crowd back from the platform, thus preventing any intercourse with the new arrivals.

GENERAL CHASEM, PATRIOT.

Patriot Comrade J. G. Barnhouse, an aged war veteran and I called on General Chase, or, "Chasem," as nicknamed by the miners. We wished to see Robert Uhlich, militant Socialist and union organizer, held "incommunicado" by orders of the general. "Chasem" is a product of the Peabody regime, and served under the notorious Sher-

man Bell of "habeas corpus be damned, we'll give them postmortems instead" fame. Chase is a regular military totem pole, who takes himself seriously. He is a cave man dressed in a little brief authority and—khaki. He reminds you of a foolish French king who said: "I am the state. The king is dead."

King "Chasem," on learning our mission, arose, and in a Rocky mountain voice exclaimed: "Any man that is against MY government is against ME. Robert U. is a dangerous citizen and doesn't deserve to live. You cannot see Robert Uhlich." We wanted to argue the point, but Chasem would none of it.

General Chase, arrogant, foolish soldier that he is, is but the visible expression of a class whose servant he is, the scurviest, meanest, most sordid and contemptible ruling class the world has ever known.

Five days later Uhlich was turned over by the military to the civil authorities on a charge of being an accessory to the killing of a mine guard. He is now penned in the county jail with a dozen other rebels. We called on the prisoners one Sunday afternoon. Religious service was on. A group of religious zealots closed the meeting with singing:

"Yes, we will gather at the River,
Gather with the saints at the River."

The boys behind the bars followed with their favorite:

"The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with the Baldwins! Up with the law!
For we're coming to Colorado! We're coming all the way!

Shouting the Union cry of Freedom!"

These miners prefer union to heaven; they will gladly barter salvation in the hereafter for an increase of wages here. They are afraid of no offense to the saints in the calendar, if people here and now are right down busy at making themselves and neighbors a little more saintly. The prisoners were served with parts of the gospel according to Marx, Engel, Bebel and THE SOCIALIST REVIEW.

THE STRIKE UP TO DATE.

The strikers are playing the waiting game. They demand recognition of the

union; the mine owners refuse absolutely. Forty to fifty per cent of the regular coal output is being mined by scab or non-union labor. It is costing the companies much moneys, but they have dollars to burn, they say. The militia is being financed by the taxpayers to the tune of \$5,000 per day. The striking miners are being paid \$3 per week per man; coal for heating purposes furnished by the union. How long will the strike last? No one knows. The miners are prepared, if necessary, to stay out a year. The northern miners have been out now nearly three years, costing the union the large sum of \$1,022,000. And all this money comes from the workers themselves. It is a case of Peter, the worker, handing over to Paul, the striker, part of his hard-earned wages.

What next? Press reports say the citizens of Routt county are threatening to export every striking miner. Mother Jones has already been deported from Trinidad by orders of General Chase. Official Doyle of the Miners' Union wires the union at Oak Creek "that if any man attempts to invade the homes of the miners or to molest them in any manner, that they are to shoot to kill. The United Mine Workers will quit paying relief in the state and start buying lead." Doyle, by the way, is very much opposed to Socialism in the union. He is a Knight of Columbus and a very practical Democratic politician. He does not believe in Socialist ballots, but is not averse to the use of capitalist bullets. However necessary bullets may be—and they are at times necessary when life and home and liberty *are threatened*—the bullet as a weapon never will free the worker from economic servitude. Industrial and political solidarity will and shall. The antique methods of modern craft unionism are but pop-guns when confronted with the commercial and political batteries of twentieth century capitalism. Which will prove the stronger weapon, finally? Socialist ballots, backed by industrial unionism, or capitalist bullets, backed by organized wealth? Socialism, Mr. Pure and Simple Union Man, may be the longest way round of winning the world for the workers, but coming events shall prove it the shortest way home to Peace, Power and Plenty.



THIS BLAST WAS CHARGED WITH 17,000 POUNDS OF 60 PER CENT GIANT POWDER AND LOOSENEED 500 YARDS OF ROCK AND EARTH.

“OUR” CILILO CANAL

By Wilby Heard

CAPITALISM believes that certain achievements, like certain little children, should be seen and not heard, while others again must not even be seen until a certain age. They must not make their debut till the profits to flow from them are all corralled and headed safely for certain favorite coffers. Such an achievement is the Dalles-Cililo Canal, now under construction on the mighty Columbia river on the Oregon side, some ninety miles east of Portland.

Approach any politician or business man and mention the Cililo canal, and if he does know anything about it, he glares at you, fires a thousand and one questions at you, to your one, demands your pedigree, and whether you give it or no, he informs you that there is nothing to tell about it, and that no publicity is asked for on the matter, anyway.

In the last year or so a few skimpy statements on this governmental chunk of philanthropy have found the light. And the present seems to promise that the near future will tear down the blinds altogether, which means that someone's pockets are well lined and the graft well cinched.

The reason given by a few for this silence is that the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company had its heart set against the canal, and the matter was pulled off on the Q. T. to get one over on it. But this holds no water, since the congressman who got through the first appropriation is said to be a particular friend of the poor O.-W. R. & N.

Far more plausible are the few rumblings escaped from the dungeon where the truth lies chained till the fat checks are cashed. Chief among these is the story that things must now stay hushed till the U. S. government and the states of Oregon and Washington make their appropriations of \$15,000 each for the construction of a proposed dam across the Columbia river right at the Cililo falls, where the canal opens. This dam, it is claimed, will have a water power generating more force than the Niagara falls.

But it is declared that if the dam be built it will make utterly useless the canal by flooding over half the canal territory. And, almost strange to say, that part of the canal to be affected most by the dam is the part about complete.

So mum must be the word till that *dam* money is safely landed and the canal completed. Then some gilded-tongued congressman will up in his glory for a new appropriation for a new canal to take the place of the present canal which is being built to make it useless.

Another reason for the silence is given by men who know the river, and these claim that even should the dam not materialize, the canal must still remain a white elephant because of the river between The Dalles and Cililo being so narrow and so rapid at places as to make boat navigation next to impossible. This, too, seems to explain why the O.-W. R. & N. pretends to be ignorant of the whole scheme which is being pulled off so close to its line as to remove its tracks along that section so as to give the diggers more room.

Should the undertaking, however, have been for the good of the people, instead of a few business philanthropists and contractors, the canal could prove a valuable asset in more ways than one. And since ere many decades rush by the workers will own the machinery of production and transportation, a few words on the canal may be in place.

The Dalles-Cililo canal will be about eight and one-half miles long; have five locks; with a total lift of seventy feet. The idea was born in the balmy days of Henry Villard, the great western railroad promoter, and brought to a paying proposition for contractors by The Dalles, Portland & Astoria Navigation Company.

If the rapids and narrows below the lower end of the canal be overcome and the upper end be not dammed, the canal will open the river to boats as far as Lewiston, Idaho, on the Snake river, and to Kettle Falls, Wash., on the Columbia. And should the obstruction of Kettle Falls be removed, rumors to that effect already being afloat, it will open river traffic for five hundred miles into British Columbia. Thus it will make all of the Kootinia lake country, which is rich in coal, copper, silver and some lead and gold, tributary to ocean commerce.

This canal project was approved by Congress in 1905. And before the "builders" are through with Uncle Sam it will cost him about \$5,000,000. The work for the common dubs involves the excavation of

700,000 cubic yards of earth, 750,000 cubic yards of sand, and 1,300,000 cubic yards of rock. They will construct 2,000,000 cubic yards of concrete, and about 5,000 cubic yards of rubble masonry. The human ants practically began to get their grub for this task in 1910.

It is claimed that this little job will come to an end in 1916, and then the flowing waters will carry the Inland Empire's products, main among which are wheat, hay, fruit and live stock, to Portland via river and to the world market via ocean courses. That does not mean, however, that prices of these commodities will be lowered to the working class thereby.

Now, as to the labor conditions maintaining at these government camps, the usual capitalist methods prevail. The 1,200 to 1,400 men are separated into three camps—Big Eddy, or Camp 1; Camp 2, an annex to Big Eddy, and Robert, or Camp 3.

Stationed at Big Eddy are the highest officials and their underlings, the clerks and straw bosses, and a gang of about 200 common delvers. This is the camp to which visitors are taken. The few articles which have crept into the press of late have all been centered about Big Eddy, with the impression between the lines that the same holds true of all the camps. And true it is that Camp 1 is the best managed of the lot. From what can be gathered, the aim of the officials here seems to be to treat the wage-slaves as fair as can be expected under this hellish system.

For one reason or another, men leave every day, and every sun looks down upon a greater number of blanket stiffs coming in than can be put to work. The majority of newcomers, as well as many of those already at work, for some time are toilers well starved, and their table manners lead the "well bred" to conclude that these bunk dwellers had their etiquette caught in the railroad ties they measured, and that they left them to perish there. So much for Camp 1; but Camp 3, all declare, is a hell hole of disgust and abuse.

Camp 2, as stated before, is but a "Jungle Town" suburb to Big Eddy. In this "suburb" 200 men or more, some with families, waste their nights as well as days. These consist in the main of foreigners who feed themselves. These two camps are about



THE DINNER "LINE-UP" AT CAMP 3.

three miles apart, and midway between them is a small schoolhouse for the children of these workers.

Robert, at present, holds the biggest herd of laborers. And here is where complaints are loudest. While 800 men are employed, the bunkhouses can accommodate but 500. The ventilation is very poor. The bunks are arranged in two layers, one above the other. The men furnish their own bedding, and all mattresses consist of Oregon pine or fir, soft enough for any rock to linger on.

The men here, as at the other two camps, work in two shifts of eight hours each. The night gang gets through at 2 a. m. and their bunkhouse, being far too small, the overflow crowds into the bunkhouse of the day shift for warmth and are the means of aiding the board mattresses in driving all sleep beyond the towering palisades of Camp 3.

The dining rooms at both camps are walled off into three separate divisions: One room for the high and holy officials, one for the straw bosses and clerks, and one for just the common herd. A few say that the food served is the same for all, many declare that it is served according to caste. Among the latter is a waiter who served

the foremen's mess. This waiter told me that while the officials and straw bosses get real butter, the actual workers never see anything but oleomargarine.

He also stated that he personally saw some potato bills which had come in from Portland, and that there were two different bills. The one for the government was marked \$1.25 per sack, and the one for the man who had to do the paying was marked 25 cents per sack.

Another of his statements worthy of publication was that a certain bookkeeper was transferred to the Philippines for tattling the fact that during the winter of 1910 the pay roll at Washington numbered 300 men, while at the camps the number of men actually at work was twenty-five. So if someone doesn't become a fat philanthropist and good church member by the time the canal is finished, it won't be the pay roll's fault.

Sanitation, too, could be improved a thousand fold. One instance will suffice. There are twenty toilets, all in one room, for the accommodation of 800 men. The crank to the flush pipe is off to one corner of the place, and instead of running all the time, the water is supposed to be turned on



A TYPICAL "JUNGLE TOWN" HOME WITH THE WINDOW PANES MISSING.

and off by each individual—a thing the laborers all ought to bear in mind, but which many do not.

There is but one small hospital, and that at Big Eddy, and this is ever brim full. A man hurt at Robert has to be hauled fully five miles or more on the rickety Portage railway, which, by the way, is state owned, to the hospital for treatment. It seems true, however, that commercial murderings are not as numerous here as they are in privately run institutions.

The latest death occurred at Camp 3, on Tuesday, December 2, last. The victim was one Frank Lynch, who was working on the bed of the canal. A skipload of dirt, weighing a ton and a half, dropped twenty feet, crushing him beyond recognition. The accident was due to the breaking of a goose-neck on a derrick.

The verdict of the coroner's inquest was that the death was due to the negligence and carelessness of the engineers. But the gentlemen demanded a second inquest, claiming that because the witnesses at the

first inquest were all laborers they were prejudiced. They were promised another investigation, but at the time of this writing nothing new has come forth.

But it is an ill wind that blows no one good. This government job is, at present, like an oasis in the desert to many of the vast army of out-of-works. On their travels from place to place in search of a grub-supplier, hundreds pause here for a few weeks' recuperation, to earn enough to take them to some other place where lying ads glare brightly from the pandering columns of the capitalist papers.

Rebels! The camps are overrun with them. And the gospel of the toilers is being drilled into the minds of the sleeping slaves as carefully and accurately as the dynamite holes into the canal rocks. The I. W. W. has a fair and solid representation among that gang. And it is but right to mention that the good work is going on in a healthy manner, though much of it must be done under cover. Our day is dawning and we have no reason for despair.



STUDY COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM

LESSON III

The Materialist Conception of History

By J. E. Sinclair

THESE can be no materialist conception of history unless we have reached the materialist conception of life. It is the business of modern science to teach us this. Physics, chemistry, geology, biology, and anthropology open up to us the most gorgeous vistas of the material world. They teach us to reason from material facts. They teach us to reason dialectically. Every student of Socialism is urged to get on speaking terms with these sciences. They have revolutionized the thought of the world during the last fifty years.

In this lesson and in the one succeeding it we shall study the materialist conception; but in this particular lesson we shall study it in its broader aspects—we might say in its biological aspects. For this study you will need three books: *Evolution, Social and Organic*, by Arthur M. Lewis (Kerr & Co., cloth, 50 cents); *The Evolution of Man*, by Bölsche (Kerr & Co., cloth, 50 cents); and *The Origin of the Family*, by Engels (Kerr & Co., cloth, 50 cents).

In our last lesson we saw how life adapted itself to its environment. We saw how organs and institutions came into being in response to certain needs, and we saw that the primary needs were those that sustained and maintained life. We saw how animals adapt themselves to the satisfaction of their peculiar needs and that food getting, protection, and propagation are the elemental needs of every organism. We saw, too, that human society itself was shaped by the ways in which men satisfied these primary needs. It is thus seen that material conditions determine much more than we at first thought. In fact the further we travel along the lines laid down by scientific research the more restless we became until we have unearthed

the material conditions that lie back of each significant phenomenon. If there is anything in the universe that material conditions cannot produce it is unknown to our consciousness and of no interest to us whatever. If any mysteries still remain it is because a few very simple facts have not yet been discovered. Science cannot recognize the supernatural. It deals with material facts only.

THE MATERIALIST CONCEPTION OF HISTORY

When our ancestors saw manifestations of force anywhere they immediately personified the situation, just as a child personifies his toys and talks to them as though they were human. The human mind craves explanation. Personification was the easiest explanation. In the absence of facts, fables flourished. The crash of thunder in the summer sky, and storm, the sun, the moon, the plunging sea, the cataract, the dawn, all had back of them the magic of some unseen personality that grew with the passing centuries into a god endowed with immortality. The world and the heavens became crowded with gods, fairies, gnomes, ghosts, goblins, and demons. Fear of these creatures of the morbid fancy became greater than the fear of death.

It has been the painful business of science to rid the world of this fearful phantasmagoria and to remove from nature and life the black mantle of mystery and superstition. Every new scientific discovery has knocked some god on the head, exploded some creed, and robbed the supernatural of more territory. Every step forward has been a conquest for materialism, until now little remains of the metaphysical foolishness of former days.

No one did more to shatter the realm of ancient superstition and thus to free the

human mind than did Charles Darwin. He established on a sound basis the dialectic method of reasoning and with it the materialist conception of life and nature, without a full comprehension of which it is useless for us to try to approach a scientific interpretation of history. Darwinism and Marxism are quite inseparable. No one realized this more than did Marx himself. The materialistic interpretation of history but supplements the Darwinian materialistic interpretation of life. At the grave side of his illustrious colleague, Marx, Frederick Engels said: "Just as Darwin discovered the law of development in organic nature, so Marx discovered the law of development in human society."

As Lewis points out, the theory of evolution has ceased to be a theory merely, it is also a well established fact. Those who do not accept evolution as a demonstrated fact, as Professor Giddings says, "inhabit a world of intellectual shades," and "cannot grasp the earthly interests of the twentieth century."

THE MATERIALIST CONCEPTION OF HISTORY

The student of Lewis' work above mentioned is struck with the slow development of the theory of evolution for nearly two thousand years and then with its sudden blossoming in the last half century. In the Communist Manifesto we saw the reason for this rapid spread of scientific knowledge. Before the bourgeoisie became reactionary it was revolutionary. It fought the feudal church. Science was its weapon. As it was with the old Genoese merchants the bourgeoisie recognized that orthodox superstition interfered with business. More than that they saw in science a powerful instrument in production. The textile industries, mining, the iron industries, land transportation, navigation, agriculture and animal husbandry, engineering, and all the subsidiary industries required scientific knowledge to a greater or less degree. In short science was the principal weapon with which the bourgeoisie conquered the world market.

At the same time it was the weapon with which it killed religion, and now that the bourgeoisie is no longer a revolutionary class but a reactionary class it appears at the funeral as chief mourner and furnishes devil doctors to convince the living that the dead is not dead.

The theory of evolution leaves no place in the universe for the supernatural to roost.

There is no place for miracles. Things come into being as the result of a simple and gradual procession of causes and effects that become causes leading "step by step along the path of natural inter-relation." They shape themselves as the resultant of certain forces operating upon and through them. These physical forces are very real and very demonstrable. The indestructibility of matter and force has become axiomatic in science. In this world of matter and force we live and by it we are shaped to what we are.

The evolution of life on this earth as treated by Lewis in *Evolution, Social and Organic* and by Bolsche in his little book, *The Evolution of Man*, is a theme of surpassing grandeur. There is something sublimely optimistic in this study of the upward climbing of life from the simple uni-cellular protozoon back there in the steaming seas of life's first stirring to the stature and dignity of man. Nor is the history of the revelation of this life story of man's upward striving devoid of the inspiration of heroic endeavor and glorious martyrdom. Anaxagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo, are some of the names of those who struggled for the scientific enlightenment of the race. Socrates drinking his poison at the state's command, Galileo in the torture chamber, and Bruno's noble spirit perishing at the stake—these suffered because they ran counter to superstitious ignorance that had become an asset of the ruling class. Evolution as we know it was unknown to all of these but they cleared the ground for the evolutionary renaissance that has delivered the death blow to supernaturalism of every sort and has planted human reason on a material basis.

Poor, blind, and almost forsaken, there died in Paris in 1829 Jean Lamark, the forefather of Darwinism. Like an echo from the tomb of the great Lucretius coming across the centuries we find Lamark proclaiming anew the doctrine of evolution. Lamark taught "that all existing species have descended from ancestors who were in a vast number of cases, and ultimately in all, very different from their present representatives; that this difference is due, not to the total extinction of previous species by 'cataclysms,' and the divine creation of new ones, as Cuvier maintained, but because previous species changed in adapting themselves to a changed environment."

He thus laid the foundation. The materialist conception of life had here its unmistakable dawning. Back somewhere in the eons gone by Lamarck saw life springing from non-living matter. Had modern chemistry been in existence he might have proved the chemical processes by which apparently non-sentient matter is dissolved, absorbed, and assimilated by plants, and how this same inorganic matter after being changed into organic form in plants forms the basis of animal life. He might have seen the line waver between the organic and the inorganic until it became obscure. He might have seen chemists on the very verge of creating that primitive life stuff, protoplasm, in test tubes. He might have seen radium change to helium, or the organic substance formerly grown in the fields and known as indigo created by catalytic chemistry from coal tar.

But positive science was young then, and Lamarck's methods were crude. Theology smothered him.

Then came Darwin. This indefatigable genius by an endless array of evidence collected by observation and experiment proved the origin of species by natural selection beyond the cavil of a doubt.

Darwin saw that of the millions of creatures that come into the world only a few live. Why do they live and propagate? Why do the others die? Those live that are the fittest to survive in their particular environment. The others die. As the environment and the conditions of food getting change, new species are born through adaptation to these new conditions. Life is thus a struggle for existence, a material struggle for sustenance. And this struggle for sustenance becomes the most compelling thing in life. The laws of nature are ruthlessly enforced and those failing to come up to the standard are destroyed. In an ever changing world no species can remain fixed. The more rapid the adaptation the better chance there will be for propagation, the greater the advantage over others unable to adapt themselves to the new conditions. This natural selection of the best through the struggle for existence leaves nothing fixed in the organic world. All is mutation, adaptation, change.

The student should read very carefully the first 114 pages of *Evolution, Social and Organic*, and then read all of *The Evolution of Man*. Professor Bolsche in this lat-

ter work takes us down the spiral ladder of human life to its very beginning in the unicellular protozoon and there on that lowly round of life's ladder he discusses with us the inorganic origin of the protozoon. With the careful hand of the trained scientist he traces our ancestry step by step. Here we see our folks that once lived in the Neader Valley near Dusseldorf, Germany. Strange old fellows these with great bumps over their eyes. Over in a cave at Namur in France and far off in another cave at Krapina in Austria were found some more skull bones with knobs over the eye sockets. The bones of the cave bear were there, too, as well as the bones of the mammoth. Some of these bones were charred. Worse still some of the charred bones were human bones. All of which goes to show that our folks at that stage had learned the use of fire and had also developed the very uncharitable habit of cooking and eating each other at times. It was back in the ice age when great glaciers had chilled the world and the race that could not learn how to make fires simply froze and was forgotten. In order that some timid soul might not suspect that these cave-dwelling dads of ours were mere monkeys let it be here announced that they scrawled some pictures on the walls of their cave homes, pictures of mammoths, cave bears, etc., that monkeys are not in the habit of making.

Then over in Java, buried under lava since long before the ice age, we find the bones of another knobby skulled man; *Pithecanthropus* is what they have christened him. This means monkey-man. He looks like a gibbon but he looks also strikingly like the Neader Valley folks. He looks much less like us than the ice-age people did. He is down on a lower round of the ladder. *Pithecanthropus*, my poor fellow, with your monkey face and your half human skull space, you have served the gibbon and us with a common ancestry. You have also helped smash orthodoxy with your long thigh bone.

On down through the life history of our folks we go. The further we go the more they diverge from our type but our relationship is never lost even when we reach the protozoon down at the foot of the ladder. By the blood test by the geological record, and by the law of biogenesis with its attendant study of embryology, Professor Bolsche proves beyond a doubt that we are not only the descendants of the man-mon-

key, *Pithecanthropus*, but that we are the descendants of the protozoon down there in the slime of ocean.

Link by link Bolsche weaves his chain of proof until the dullest mind can comprehend. He and Lewis and a host of others have proven evolution. Remains for us in this lesson to study briefly the social evolution of man through savagery and barbarism. For this we must read carefully Engel's *Origin of the Family*.

We have seen how the struggle for existence is mainly a struggle for food. Individuals and species capable of developing organs that fitted them better for this struggle surpassed or overcame the others. But this struggle is by no means at all times a struggle of each against all and all against each. We see groups continually forming for the purpose of mutual aid. Not only among mammals, but also among birds and insects do we find these groups formed on the basis of common interests. Kropotkin's great work in investigating this phase of the struggle for existence as reviewed by Lewis is worth our careful examination.

When Lewis H. Morgan wrote his "*Ancient Society*" he lifted the curtain of prehistoric night and revealed to us the unwritten history of mankind from the age when *Pithecanthropus* leaped from branch to branch in the tropical forests of Java. "*The Origin of the Family*," by Engels is at once a brief review and an extension of Morgan's great work.

"According to the materialist conception," says Engels, "the decisive element of history is pre-eminently the production and reproduction of life and its material requirements." It is not battles, not heroes, not gods, ghosts, nor governments that shape the destinies of mankind. We have seen how each organism in the struggle for existence has ever ahead of it a diminishing food supply and behind it hunger and death. With mankind before the mastery of food production by artificial methods the same was true. To the vast majority of mankind it is still so. And destiny is still largely at the mercy of the masters of the food getting process. As Engels says, "All great epochs of human progress, according to Morgan, coincide more or less directly with times of greater abundance in the means that sustain life."

Human progress can then be measured in no other way than by the progress made

in the production of the means of sustenance. Morgan finds man in the lower stage of savagery bordering on a mere animal existence. He divides the period of savagery into three sub-periods. Then follows the period of barbarism, which he also divides into three sub-periods. Each division and sub-division is marked at its inception by some new method of food getting.

Pithecanthropus and his folks were in the lower stage of savagery. They had no weapons that we know of. They lived in trees mostly and ate nuts, fruits, and roots. Then some genius discovered the use of fire. It is hard to imagine the social transformation that followed. Clubs and spears were also invented. A meat and fish diet now supplemented the vegetable and fruit diet. The carnivorous monsters of that day could now be driven away. Man came down out of the trees and dwelt in caves. A few inventions—fire, clubs and spears—had changed everything. Arms got shorter. Legs grew thicker. The big toe quit acting like a thumb. Feet became real feet. This was in the middle stage of savagery.

Then a new age was ushered in. This came because the bow and arrow had been invented. This increased the food supply. Population increased accordingly. Village life began and new marriage relations began to shape themselves. Wooden vessels and utensils were invented; baskets, stone implements, and huts of boards were invented. A division of labor between men and women was now fairly complete, the first beginning of class distinction in human history.

Then came the first stage of barbarism. This period was ushered in by the invention of pottery, by the taming of domestic animals, and the faint beginnings of agriculture. It was a golden age. Men and women were equal and all were free. Upon the face of the earth there was not a slave. A primitive communism prevails through both savagery and lower barbarism that is at once simple and lofty in its beauty and in its brotherhood. Private property in the means of production was unknown. All had access to the sources of food supply. But wealth was increasing, and the end of the old freedom was in sight.

The middle stage of barbarism is marked by agricultural advance. Irrigation ditches, adobe bricks, and stone houses appear among the ruins. Social production was beginning. This was in the New World.

In the Old World the folk became nomadic and followed the herds, engaging in agriculture only incidentally. Here and there slavery appears, but the slaves are tribal property, not individual property. Work in copper and bronze begins.

In the upper stage of barbarism the iron plow share appears. Permanency of residence becomes possible. Herds and flocks increase greatly. Ownership of the means of life gradually passes into the hands of the males. The far-reaching revolution in the relations of women and men that came as a result of these industrial changes are dealt with by Engels fully and need not here be discussed. Suffice it to say here that the evolution of the family and new marital relations had for their propelling force the evolution of industry and with it the social division of labor and the rise of private property in the means of food getting.

When man dropped down from the tree tops and on through the countless years of savagery and early barbarism the social groups that were formed, the gentes, the phrateries, and the tribes, were based on blood ties. All men were as brothers within certain circles. Government was unknown. But the minute a subject class appears the State begins to shape itself for its bloody work of class subjugation. In the upper stage of barbarism it comes into view, a creature of economic origin made to serve the economic interests of the ruling class, the beginning of an earthly hell.

Up to this time, from the time he came down out of the trees, had made use of the principle of mutual aid in his struggle for existence. The group worked together as a unit. If famine came all starved together. The brutal scenes of today where men and women starve in the very shadow of bursting warehouses filled with food could not be enacted then. Such vicious cruelty would be inconceivable to the knobby skulled ancestors of ours who lived in the old Neander Valley. But into human history there came inventions that enabled men to produce more than they consumed, and strange to relate this very mastery of the food getting process made slavery possible and inevitable. It developed on one hand a property owning class and on the other hand a slave class. It degraded women to the position of a serf to man. And it established political government based on territory instead of the old

social regulation of the genus through a free democracy.

No man was to blame for this mighty change. It came about as silently as the coming of night. Unseen forces working through the centuries had made it imperative. What forces were these? The transforming forces that lie dormant in every new invention, in every new method of production. Every human relationship, every new institution, every new mental attitude can be traced more or less directly to something new in industry.

We have seen now how the history of man from protozoon up to the dawning of civilization was a material struggle, a struggle for food and for the chance to enjoy food and propagate the species. Through long processes of organic and social evolution we have traced him. The struggle for existence has permitted only the adaptable, the progressive, to live and propagate. At last in the dim Java forest we see a creature that looks like man. In caves again we find creatures that look more like men and that were men. They held in their hands weapons which became tools. Since then human progress has been measurable by the evolution of these tools. Life at the beginning was a chemical process. At its apex it is still dependent upon material change. The history of the cell and the history of man is primarily a material struggle for food.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

First read over last month's lesson again, laying particular stress on that part of it that pertains to the materialist conception of history. Do not fail to get the three books mentioned for study in this lesson. They are thought-provoking books. Read them carefully and make notes as you read. From time to time stop reading and try to reconstruct the text from the outline that you have been making in your note book. Get into arguments with your shop mates concerning the matters discussed. Refer them to the books. Study stores up potential energy; discussion sets it free. Have you organized your club yet? Go after it.

Questions for review: (Write answers to these before coming to the club.) (1) What is the materialist conception of history? (2) What relation exists between this conception and the theory of evolution? (3) Can it harmonize with divine creation of institution? (4) Can it harmonize with the idea of freedom of the will? (5) What physical law compels the polar fox to be white? Has this coloration anything to do with his success in food getting? Cite other cases. (6) Construct the genealogical tree of man from the protozoon

up to Pithecanthropus. Give reasons for believing that each arch-type named bears an ancestral relation to us. (7) Draw on a large sheet of good paper the embryos shown on pages 87 and 88 in *The Evolution of Man*. Discuss similarity and differences. (8) Give some geological proofs of evolution. (9) How would changed geological conditions affect the development of new species? (10) What embryological proof have we that our remote progenitors were water creatures? (11) Give reasons for the belief that our ancestors were

once tree dwellers? (12) By what means were they enabled to come down and live in caves? (13) What social changes were brought about by the invention of improved weapons of the chase? (14) What social changes were brought about by the domestication of animals, By the development of agriculture? (15) Compare the social organization of the gens with the political state. (16) What economic reasons can you give for the social degradation of woman that accompanied the rise of the political state,

ORATORY

By John P. Altgeld

FROM THE PUBLIC.

(Continued from the January REVIEW.)

Tone

IN forming the voice the principal object is to convert the breath into pure tone.

As in burning gas to produce light and heat, the object is to get a perfect combustion, because light and heat travel with a velocity that gas cannot attain, and thus produce results that cannot be produced by gas in its unconverted form. So we aim to get a perfect combustion or explosion of the breath into tone, and the more perfect the conversion the more perfect and pure the tone.

Tone or sound travels with a velocity and acquires a power that is impossible for breath. A man could hardly make his breathing heard twenty feet away; but vocalized it creates vibrations that travel to the gates of eternity.

It is therefore not a question as to the volume of breath expended, but of the amount perfectly exploded. The amount of pure tone formed, and its intensity, determine its traveling power. In a whistle a small amount of air forced through a narrow opening and made to react on itself produces vibrations that are felt miles away.

We frequently see people with small chests whose voices are clear and can be heard a great distance, while others, with powerful lungs, cannot be understood half as far. This is largely due to perfect explosion of breath into pure tone in the one case, and imperfect explosion in the other. The test of pure tone applied by musicians is to hold a lighted candle to the mouth

while running the scale. If the light is not blown out the explosion or conversion is perfect.

I have spoken only of pure tone, because in most cases this is all that an orator needs. When once master of it he can easily give other tones, such as the nasal and guttural.

Articulation.

Distinct articulation is the diamond of uttered speech. Without it there can be no sparkling sentence and no flashing epigram.

Without distinct articulation it is difficult to understand a speaker even when near by, and impossible to understand when a little distance away. The audience has to labor to catch his words, and this destroys the effect. Without distinct utterance it is impossible to reach the sensibilities and arouse the finer emotions.

Defective articulation admits of absolutely no excuse. Everybody can overcome it by making the requisite effort, and no man has a right to appear before an audience who is not willing to make every effort that is necessary to his success.

We are told that emphasizing vowels makes words carry. While this is true, it is no less true that unless the consonants also are distinctly uttered the words cannot be understood.

Daily practice in pronouncing the different letters of the alphabet will rapidly improve the articulation.

Writing of Speeches.

"In writing are the roots; in writing are the foundations of eloquence."—Quintilian.

Should a speech be written? Yes, emphatically yes. It should be written several times. Should it then be read to the audience or should it be committed to memory? Neither. When read it becomes simply an essay and is not an oration; and when committed to memory and then delivered, it is simply declamation and not oratory.

Besides, unless a man has a phenomenal memory, he will not be able to recite a speech, and will break down.

What, then, is the purpose of writing it? It is to become accurately familiar with the subject—to become steeped in it and saturated with it.

We may have a talking knowledge of a subject, but when we undertake to write upon it we soon find that there are many things which we must investigate further. Writing upon a subject tends to make it clear to the mind. It fixes the boundaries, brings to light the subdivisions, their relative importance and their relations to each other.

After we have written upon a subject we have a more accurate conception of it than before. And when we have written upon it the second or third time, ideas come to us that had eluded us before.

Though in the end the written copy be thrown into the fire, the writer will be repaid a hundred fold, for when he faces his audience he will be much better qualified. He will be more confident, and therefore more aggressive. Even if he does not use a single sentence of what he had written, he will make a much better speech than he otherwise could have made. The subject-matter will be larger, the presentation clearer, and the language more elegant.

After determining definitely what subject to discuss, the best way to prepare a speech is to get a definite idea of the boundaries and natural subdivisions of the subject and the relation of each to each other. Having this in mind the speaker can then deliver the speech without having committed a speech to memory.

Accuracy in the use of language will in time become a habit, so that when the ideas and their proper arrangement are once fixed in the mind the language will come unconsciously.

We sometimes hear a speaker say that he does not know what he is going to talk about until he gets on his feet. This is a humiliating confession. It is an admission that he has not worked, and it means that it is impossible for him to reach a high standard of art. Generally this class of speakers follow the Frenchman's formula for writing a love letter: "Begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said."

Art does not admit of random touches. It demands entire accuracy. In music the singer is not permitted to be guided by his feelings in dropping or adding notes; the laws of harmony must be followed, and like fidelity is demanded in speech.

The mere fact that a speaker can work himself into a glow of excitement does not by any means prove that he is eloquent. Generally this is simply rant and wearies the audience.

No talk is eloquent unless it reads well. Literary excellence is the very breath of eloquence.

To attain this it is indispensable that the speaker know exactly what he is going to say and how he is going to say it. Otherwise he will fail to make a logical argument, fail to make his sentences epigrammatic, and will consume the time with tiresome repetitions.

The fatal mistake lies in the assumption that by working himself into a glow of excitement he can deliver himself of ideas, of logic and of language that are not in him. No man can get anything out of himself that is not in him.

All that the inspiration of any occasion can do is to enable a man to rise to his best.

Let it be said again that the inspiration of the greatest occasion cannot help a man to give an audience something he does not possess. He can give it neither wit nor wisdom, neither learning nor eloquence, neither pathos nor beauty.

All that can be expected is that the occasion may enable him to give and to do his best. But the stream will not rise higher than its source, and the very best speech cannot get above the accomplishments of the speaker; hence the necessity of thorough preparation. It is an insult to an intelligent audience for a speaker to appear before it without preparation.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL

Socialist Unity Inevitable. There have been substantial economic reasons for the bitter disputes within the Socialist movement over questions of tactics. But today there is plenty of evidence that new economic changes are sweeping away the basis for these disputes and are making Socialist unity inevitable. We have been divided into three sections, the Center, the Right, and the Left. The comrades of the Center have always been the most numerous, and while their theories have been hazy, their instincts have been sound. They want Socialism, and are willing to get it in any way that looks possible. When burning questions of tactics arise, they vote sometimes with the Left, sometimes with the Right, as each concrete question shapes itself in their minds. Economically, they are recruited mainly from the farms and the smaller industries where the wastes of competition and the lack of modern machinery still loom large, and they have thus far been without first-hand experience of the economic struggle between big capitalists and wage-workers. This lack of experience has at times prevented them from grasping the real issues at stake in any particular controversy; at the same time it has kept them free from any bitter prejudice against either the Right or the Left. Their ideal has been the Cooperative Commonwealth,—to be reached no matter how, but at least *to be reached*. They are always ready to “dig up” thousands of dollars for a campaign, or tens of thousands for a big strike. Any fight for the working class, political or economic, looks good to them. They make plenty of mistakes, but as a whole they never get very far from the right track.

The Right Wing. The vital element of the right wing of the Socialist movement in this country consists of those who are, or hope to be, in control of the policies of the old-line craft unions, which unions are largely made up of non-socialists. These unions have been in the past meas-

urably successful in keeping up their own wages, regardless of what happened to the rest of the working class. They have also succeeded in getting certain laws passed by making various deals with old-party politicians. (That the capitalists do not necessarily obey these laws is a great truth which is gradually beginning to dawn on the craft unionists.) The craft union Socialists of the Right Wing are unionists first and Socialists afterwards. They have shown little realization of there being anything radically wrong with craft union methods in the twentieth century. On the contrary, they have bitterly resented any criticism of these methods on the part of their Socialist comrades, because such criticism made it harder for them to induce other craft unionists to vote the Socialist ticket. In the Socialist party these craft union leaders were not slow to form an alliance with a small but influential group of writers and speakers who were ambitious for fame and office, and this alliance has for the most part shaped the official policy of the party. This it has been able to do because its leaders have been clever enough as a rule to shape each referendum in a way to catch the votes of the Center, and have been able to keep members of their own little group in the limelight so that the comrades of the Center would naturally support them for the positions of responsibility to be given out by the party. The Right Wing contains some self-seekers, with a much larger number of comrades with personal experience in being in the limelight. They believe that the only way to bring about economic emancipation of the working class is through the ballot-box.

The Left Wing. The vital element of the left wing of the Socialist Party of America consists of the rebellious workers outside the privileged crafts, who through their own bitter experience know

that they have nothing to hope from the old-line trade unions and that very little can be directly accomplished by officers or legislators elected by Socialist votes. A large part of these workers are disfranchised through following their elusive jobs from city to city and from state to state, but they are all the more fully imbued with the sense of working-class solidarity. "One Big Union" is their watchword. Their daily work by which they live places them in the very front of the fight between the big capitalist and the proletarian. In their experience the State cuts little figure, except where once in a while the policeman's club or the soldier's rifle forces them back to work on the capitalist's own terms, and even then they often find hired detectives and gun-men performing the same function equally well.

Meanwhile they realize that they are being left in the lurch by the craft unions, tied up as these are by time contracts with employers, and they sometimes grow bitter both against these unions and against the Socialist Party leaders who seem to them to "cater to" the craft union officials. Their views, their feelings, are as natural and inevitable an outgrowth of economic conditions as are the views and the feelings of the comrades of the Right Wing. And the significance of the feelings of these rebels of the left wing is by far the greater, since they represent a far larger proportion of the working class, a group which is only beginning to think and speak for itself. Thus we have shown the economic basis of each of the three important groups within the Socialist Party. That they have clashed is not the fault of any individual. That unity is almost in sight is not the merit of any individual.

The Growth of the Capitalist State. Ever since the days of Marx and Engels, we Socialists have recognized the State as the managing committee of the capitalist class. But a generation ago it did the work of its masters mainly by providing prisons, police and punishments to keep the workers in subjection while individual capitalists exploited their labor. Gradually the capitalist State has enlarged its functions, especially in Europe, and signs are not wanting that there will

be a swift enlargement of these functions in the United States. Henceforth, the State will be not merely a policeman, but the greatest of employing capitalists, with a plant and output growing at an astounding rate. It is still owned and controlled by the capitalist class, but over the working class it will soon be exerting a double power. Soon the proletarian will not merely have to "keep off the grass" and "move on" as directed by the state-policeman. He will also soon be dependent on the state-employer for his job, and if he does not like the wages, hours and shop-rules, and goes on strike with his comrades, he will find himself a "criminal," with his life and liberty at the disposal of a judge who owes his position to the ruling class.

In this new situation toward which resistless forces are carrying the United States of America, all the hitherto burning questions which have caused dissensions among the members of the Socialist Party are fading away, and new and greater issues are shaping our future course. The craft unions must transform themselves into industrial unions or disappear, not because Socialists desire it, but because former union methods will become futile and absurd. All our party planks looking to the enlargement of government functions under capitalism will become obsolete because the capitalists themselves will have perceived the superior efficiency of government ownership in an increasing number of industries, and will go ahead and make it a fact. On the other hand, direct action without political action will become unworkable, because the coercive power of the capitalist state over the individual will be ten-fold more effective than the present power exercised by private employers and the state acting together. Free speech and free assemblage will be menaced, and political action will be the most effective way of protecting them. The working class will be forced in fighting for its life to organize in one big union on the economic field and in the Socialist Party on the political field, both working in unison. And the issue will not be government ownership versus corporate ownership of industry. The question over which the great battle will come is whether the conditions and

the rewards of labor in the state-owned industries shall be determined by the bondholders and bureaucrats or by the workers themselves. The final victory will mark the end of State Capitalism and the beginning of Socialism. Things are moving swiftly. If we Socialists want to be an active factor in the impending social changes, we must stop fighting each other, adjust ourselves to the new battle-lines, and give ourselves with renewed energy to the work of Socialist education.

The Dublin Strike. Once in a while, as now, we need to remind our readers that each contributor and associate editor speaks for himself individually, and that

the editor is responsible only for unsigned opinions. In this issue Comrade Haywood expresses one view of the Dublin Strike in his article and Comrade Bohn another view in his International Notes. Each comrade had before him certain data that the other lacked, and neither of the two knew that the other was writing. We believe it best to let each speak for himself, and suggest that any reader who may disagree with one view read the other before writing a letter to the editor. At least we all agree that Comrade Larkin and the Dublin strikers have put up a splendid fight, and that whatever the immediate results, it has been a long step toward working-class solidarity.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Historic Trades Union Congress against Larkin.—Perhaps there was no one to blame, but few have been able to conceal their disappointment over the outcomes of the great English labor conference which met to consider Jim Larkin's proposal of a sympathetic strike. The meeting was in London on December 9. It was called by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Unions. In addition to the unions, the Independent Labor Party and the Fabian Society were represented. The forces of organized labor have seldom been better represented anywhere. And the problem faced was such an immediate and practical one, and withal one of such far-reaching importance, that the occasion was nothing short of epoch-making.

The thing which gave the discussion a wrong twist from the beginning was the peculiar relation which had been brought about between Larkin and the English unions. Larkin, as has been previously recorded in *THE REVIEW*, was at first hailed in England as a great labor Messiah. Everywhere he was greeted by cheering thousands. The cheap capitalist yellow press used his meteoric popularity to swell its circulation. He was pictured and interviewed and idiotically discussed, much as Coxey was in his day in this country. All this was bad. Larkin is a fine representative of his class, an intelligent man and a true man. He suffered bravely for his class in jail and led it bravely out of jail. But under the tremendous strain of his heart-rending labors and sudden popularity he lost his head. This is the most charitable interpretation which can be put upon the facts which it is necessary to record in these paragraphs.

Larkin went to England to advocate a general sympathetic strike. When he arrived there was, apparently, much support for this proposal. The great English unions are comparatively conservative. The miners were contributing a thousand pounds a week to the strike fund, but they were in no hurry to go on strike. This proved to be the case with other great unions. Larkin, in the midst of his triumphal tour, took for granted that the applause of his audiences

meant support for his proposal. He was assured that many of his auditors were non-unionists, or that they were carried away by his oratory, rather than by his strike plan. But he got the idea that the rank and file of the unions were being held back by their leaders. So his speeches degenerated into heated denunciations of these leaders. The leaders may have deserved much that he said of them. Nevertheless, he was in England, asking the English to come to the assistance of the Irish, and he spent much of his time denouncing the elected officials of the English unions. Whether we blame him or not, we must confess that this was a poor preparation for the conference which was to consider his proposal to call a sympathetic strike.

The conference first heard a report of a delegation from the English Joint Board which had been in Dublin attempting to mediate between the Transport Workers and the employers. This delegation, as is well known, failed in its attempt. The employers would not agree not to discriminate against union men. They stuck to the proposition that "every employer shall conduct his business in any way he may consider advantageous." The delegation could not, of course, go to the strikers with any such statement as this.

Before the conference Larkin had criticised this delegation for acting over the heads of the strikers. This charge the delegates formally denied. After the reading and explanation of the report of the delegation, Larkin came forward to speak. His friends cheered wildly. Here was a great labor crisis and here was their labor hero. He began: "Mr. Chairman—and human beings!" This was a false start, and what followed was not calculated to bring about a better understanding. James Connolly, when he had opportunity, spoke in a different manner. "What he said was good," reports "T. D. H.," in *Justice*. And the correspondent of the Berlin *Vorwaerts* says that many in the hall were heard to remark that it was a pity he was not the accredited leader of the strike instead of Larkin. Comrade Connolly attempted to bring back to

the minds of those present the fact that they were there to fight for 100,000 people in the city of Dublin.

It is unnecessary to put down here all the more or less incoherent arguments that were made pro and con. Two resolutions were finally adopted. The first, introduced by that indefatigable militant, Ben Tillett, deplored and condemned the attacks made on British trade union officials and expressed the belief that an honorable settlement could be negotiated if an end could be put to the divisions among those supporting the Dublin strike. The second called upon the government to refuse to give police and military aid to the employers. An amendment to the first of these resolutions, providing for a refusal to handle goods from Dublin, was defeated by a vote of 2,280 to 203. By some this was taken as a measure of the strength of syndicalism in England.

This is the end of the tale, a sad one, it must be confessed. It is one of the tragedies of the labor movement. The only good thing about such an event is the discontent and disgust it is bound to arouse. Perhaps, with all the other occurrences which are now treading upon one another's heels in England, it may do something toward bringing about mutual understanding and firmer union.

Toward Socialist Unity.—The Socialist forces of England are more sadly divided than those of any other important country. Besides the British Socialist party, the Independent Labor party, and the Fabian Society, there are innumerable independent local groups. Unity has been one goal of the efforts of a vast number of our English comrades for years past. It was in order to bring about unity of all those outside the Labor party that the leaders of the old Social Democratic party joined with some others to form the present British Socialist party. The attempt was honest and energetic, but according to the editor of *Justice*, it has succeeded "only to an extent." All the prejudices against the old organization have been inherited by the new one.

When, therefore, the International Socialist Bureau began six months ago to take steps looking toward Socialist unity in England it had the support of B. S. P. comrades, as well as of the other groups. The bureau laid down as the only possible basis of union the proposal that the B. S. P. should join the Labor party. This is the

very thing which it has refused to do since its foundation and which the S. D. P. refused to do throughout its history. So the sessions of the bureau were looked forward to with little hope. They have, however, resulted very favorably.

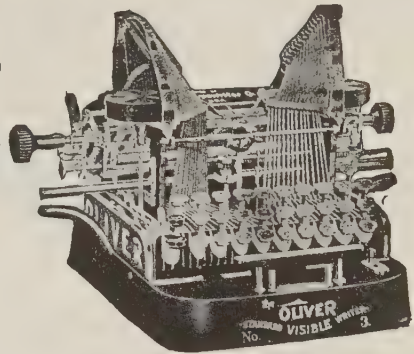
The representatives of the B. S. P. requested of the I. L. P. and the Fabian Society a pledge that they would join in a demand that the Labor party allow its candidates to run as Socialists. Hitherto, as is well known, they have not been allowed to use any label but "Labor." The organizations appealed to agreed to the granting of this request. A session of the representatives of the three English Socialist bodies passed a resolution calling upon their respective organizations to decide whether they would make this demand of the Labor party congress at its 1915 session. It was arranged to call great mass meetings all over the country to carry on a propaganda in favor of Socialist unity.

At the present writing I have not seen the comment of any English comrades on this conclusion of the conference, but I take it for granted that it is satisfactory to the representatives of the B. S. P. If this is the case, this body will probably join the Labor party as soon as suitable arrangements can be made. Surely if this is the outcome, all the world will join in congratulating both the International Bureau and our B. S. P. comrades, especially the latter. They have shown throughout the negotiations a commendable spirit of reasonableness. No one need fear that this new step means any watering down of their revolutionary spirit. No such suspicion will cross the mind of any one who has followed their work for any length of time. And, it must be remembered, they will keep their own organization intact. The step may prove a mistake; the party may have to withdraw at some future time. On the other hand, it will form in time a firm relation with the I. L. P. and, it is to be hoped, in the future these two Socialist bodies will act together. United they can make a strong fight for Socialism within or without the Labor party.

Military Despotism in Germany.—A citizen of Germany may be shot for laughing at a soldier. This is not because German soldiers are not laughable, but because the military power is now recognized as supreme in the Fatherland. Last month all

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the world was informed that the Imperial Reichstag is little more than a club for the discussion of public affairs; this month it learns that the officers of the army are the rulers of Germany.

The "Affair Sabern" turns out to be vastly more important than was at first suspected. Readers of *THE REVIEW* will remember how a twenty-year-old lieutenant, von Förstner by name, won undying fame by beating with the flat of his sword a lame cobbler, who was trying his best to get out of the way, but could not by reason of his lameness. Later reports added the edifying details that the cobbler was held by two soldiers and surrounded by others at the time the titled lieutenant performed his heroic deed.

During the month of December this lieutenant, another named Schad, and the colonel in command, a certain nobleman named von Reuter, were tried before a court martial. It was proved that when the civil authorities of Sabern protested against the molestation of citizens, von Reuter answered: "I am in command now." He took complete responsibility for the deeds of his subordinates. According to his own testimony, he ordered the troops to carry loaded weapons and charge crowds with fixed bayonets. It was according to his order that Lieutenant Schad broke into private houses, carried off citizens, and imprisoned them all night in the cellar of the barracks. To show how far this attack was provoked by the people of the town, the citizens proved that this cellar had been previously emptied of coal in order that there might be room for the prisoners. When the doughty colonel was informed that the people had merely been standing about, he said: "I intend to prevent this standing about at any cost. I do not intend to let the people laugh in this way. If it continues, I shall order the troops to shoot."

At the conclusion of the first trial von Förstner was sentenced to forty-days' imprisonment and the others to a few days each. The capitalist organs, excepting a few of the extremest conservative sort, accepted this as a vindication of the government and the military. The officers of the army, however, were openly rebellious, and von Jagow, chief of the Berlin police, wrote a denunciatory letter to the papers. Now, just as *THE REVIEW* goes to press, comes

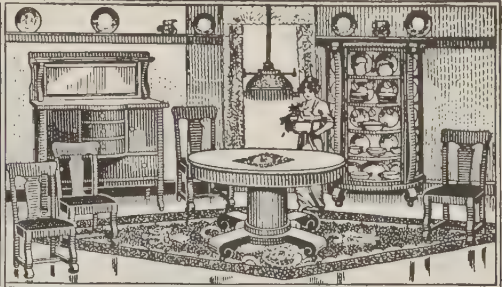
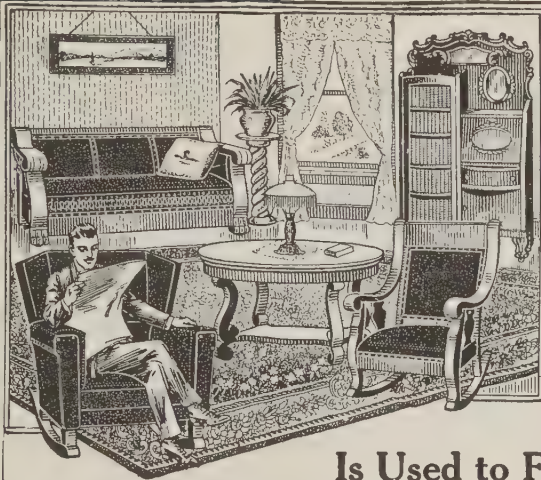
the news that a higher military tribunal has acquitted all the officers. In declaring its findings, this court justifies in detail everything that was done. Von Förstner, for example, is declared to have been quite right in beating the lame cobbler, because this wicked cobbler had a penknife in his pocket. Colonel von Reuter is said to have done quite right in putting citizens in the coal cellar, for the King of Prussia in 1820 decreed that military officers could do as they pleased without consulting civil authorities.

The significance of these facts lies in the revelation they give of the nature of military power. Military organization means tyranny and stupidity. It means this same thing everywhere and always. Our own Caraboa heroes are enough to remind us that what is true in Germany is not untrue in America.

Railway Strike in the Transvaal.—It is only six months since the strike of the South African miners ended in blood, and now a great strike of railway workers is on. The cablegrams with regard to the situation are so fragmentary and unintelligent that it is impossible to give any connected account of the matter at the present writing.

It is clear, however, that the strike covers the Transvaal and Orange State provinces. At first the railway workers struck alone and were on the point of failing. Then the Trades Federation came to their support, and the affair took on a different face. There has been as yet no general strike, but there may be one. The government has proceeded in the most high-handed fashion. According to the cabled reports, the cabinet of the South African Union is going to fight the Trades Federation "to a finish." Federation and railway union officials have been imprisoned on the charge of "sedition." Sixty thousand militiamen have been called to the colors. In addition to these measures, the government and the employers are resorting to a measure already made familiar in South Africa. They are attempting to arouse race hatred as a means of dividing the workers.

If the men can hold out for only a few days, they will succeed in tying up the whole traffic of South Africa and reducing some of the cities to a state of starvation.



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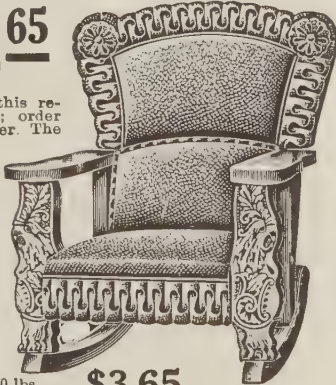
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NEWS AND VIEWS



GOTTFRIED SANDBERG.

From Away Up North.—Comrade Sandberg of Dawson sends in \$21.25 with a list of sixteen new **Review** readers. If the southern comrades were only half as wide-awake as the revolutionists are in the frozen north it would not be long before there would be "something doing in this land of the free and the home of the slaves." In his letter he says, "It takes a little time to get acquainted, and I have lately discovered the greatest field for propaganda in all the North, and I cannot resist this burning temptation. The sentiments for Socialism are here, and it is for us to give them the right kind of literature. There is a lot of work to be done, and hard work, but we have a wide-awake bunch and if we all dig in and do our duty, something is going to happen very soon." Which shows that we have comrades working for the Revolution even in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

That Tonopah Tango Hall!—It seems that the Gov't is certainly cutting up some fancy didoes in Tonopah these days. Reports come to us that things got so bad at "Wilson's Dancing Academy" that the County Commissioner felt impelled to withdraw the Government's (or Receiver's) license for GAMBLING Nov. 11th, 1913. Everybody is asking what

has happened to the Federal Courts. It would seem that the honorable (?) gentlemen are using the Bench for a nap that would make Old Rip Van Winkle look worse than a selling plater among a bunch of stake horses. Won't somebody put a copy of the **Review** under their Excellencies (?) and find out who's DEAD?

450,000 W. F. of M.—Last month through an error at the printers we stated in the **Review** that there were 45,000 members of the Western Federation of Miners. This should have been 450,000. More power to the boys! May they soon be a million.

From the "Live Ones."—The following comrades have sent in 10 or more subs. during the past month:

Philips Hagman, Struthers, Ohio.
H. M. Davis, Marshall, Texas.
J. T. Smith, Hoodsport, Wash.
John Quinn, Chicago.
Martin Elschlager, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jennie Arnott, Palo Alta, Cal.
I. J. Bloer, Coulterville, Cal.
Roy A. Harold, Terre Haute, Ind.
Ernest Morgan, St. David, Ill.
John McEntee, Boone, Iowa.
Minnie Wyman, Atlanta, Ga.
King O. Thurmond, Roosevelt, Alaska.
H. C. Hard, Rawhide, Nevada.
Louis Shadar, Marlboro, Mass.
W. M. Boyd, St. Louis, Mo.
Wm. Leslie, Buffalo, N. Y.
O. D. Gunn, Calexico, Cal.
J. C. Hansen, Peoria, Ill.
W. Lowell, Seattle, Wash.
Arthur M. Butler, Alexander, Iowa.
E. Morgan, St. David, Ill.
P. Rosinbaum, Atlanta, Ga.
J. Keller, Ludlow, S. Dak.
E. F. Wagner, Bird City, Kans.
R. J. Krause, Dehesa, Cal.
Mrs. L. Osborn, Petaluma, Cal.
C. E. Wallgren, Orville, Mont.
O. L. Carpenter, Boston, Mass.
Dr. L. H. Gibbs, Scranton, Pa.

The Plebs Club and Institute of Tonypandy, England, sends in their proxy authorizing Comrade Mary E. Marcy to represent them at the coming stockholders' meeting and also encloses a big book and **REVIEW** order and best wishes to all the comrades on this side of the pond.

From Jim Larkin.—We have to thank Comrade Jim for sending us a book of Will Dyson's famous cartoons that have been appearing in the greatest working class daily paper in the world—the *Daily Herald*. We hope to fill several pages of the **REVIEW** elsewhere in



DAWSON CITY BY THE LIGHT OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

this issue to show you just what our comrades across the water are doing. Copies of the cartoons can be secured in book form for 40 cents. Address *Daily Herald*.

From England.—Comrade Jack Wills writes "Bill Haywood is doing yeoman work here. He is already a great favorite with the English and Irish comrades. Every word from his mouth is real meat and our brothers have the right digestive powers to assimilate them. It will not be long before the proletarians of this country will be supporting the greatest publishing house in the world. Your literature has given me a clear outlook and I want to get your books circulated wherever I can."

From Frisco.—"Having already sold my bundle of eighty REVIEWS I herewith enclose \$2.00 for forty more copies of the January issue."—C. Blomquist.

From Pittsburgh.—"Please mail fifty more January REVIEWS at once."—Schafer News Co.

From Sawtelle, California.—"I received twenty copies of the Fighting Magazine Saturday evening and sold them all Sunday and could have sold as many more, so find \$1.00 for another twenty and increase my order to fifty copies per month."—J. A. Williams.

From a Socialist Doctor.—"Find enclosed \$1.00 for your excellent magazine. I asked Mr. Stephens what I should give him for Christmas. His reply was 'Give me magazines, and don't forget to put the REVIEW at the top of the list!' We have enjoyed it so much, and we think it gets better as it gets older."—M. P. S.

Minot Workers Protest.—To Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Washington, D. C. Sir: As is well known to every

interested person in the United States, working men are today deprived of the right to keep and bear arms, of the equal protection of the law, of a speedy and impartial trial by jury, and of other constitutional rights, by the mine owners of Michigan and Colorado, through the state governments of those states.

Therefore, we five hundred working men and women of Minot, N. D., in public meeting assembled do protest to you against the infamous uses to which the state governments of the above named states are put in the unequal struggle between capital and labor in the strikes now in progress, all of which is contrary to the express provisions of the Constitution of the United States.

We further declare that we believe all of these facts are well known to you, and that if there be no legal machinery by which the Government of the United States can enforce the supreme law of the land in favor of working men, their wives and children, that such machinery of law be made the immediate subject of a special message to Congress by you, to the end that the working class of the United States may be permitted to retain both the intelligent use of their faculties and respect for law.

We most respectfully suggest that tariff and currency laws will avail nothing to murdered miners and their families, and that if we have any law higher in power and responsibility to the working class of the United States, than the law of insane greed of the mine owners, which so far is ruling working conditions in the copper and coal mines of Michigan and Colorado, that NOW is the time to demonstrate that fact, and that the Chief Executive

of the Nation is the proper official to put that law in motion. We therefore most respectfully represent that conditions in Michigan and Colorado are infamous and intolerable, and request that all the powers of our Government be immediately brought to bear, to put an end to the murder of the Constitution of the United States, as well as of the miners and their wives and children, by means of state laws. Respectfully submitted. Arthur LeSuer, Chairman, H. G. Teigan, Secretary.

More From Comrade Stark.—"I wish to inform Comrade Mary E. Marcy that to her is due the credit and honor of devising one of the greatest methods of education that has ever yet been published for educating and training members of the S. P. in the science of Marxian Socialism.

"Her little book, 'Shop Talks,' is increasing in popularity and attracting the attention of members of the S. P. all over the nation,

"From far away Washington comes the information by letter to me from reading my letter in the November REVIEW that they have adopted 'Shop Talks' as a text book and 10 weeks' class work has been the means of increasing their membership and aiding wonderfully in establishing harmony in the local."

Comrade Stark of Louisville promises to aid us in getting out some additional questions on economics that will prove invaluable to study clubs.

Praise From the Enemy.—Comrade Sutton of Tacoma writes: "As soon as the working class enemy begins to find any good in the Socialist movement, I will know that it is no menace to it. Since one and all condemn the REVIEW, I know you are doing good work. The photographs of the class struggle which you use in the REVIEW must make the capitalist class squirm. And every Red likes to see the real educational literature sinking into the bone-heads."

Correction.—Owing to a printer's error in the January REVIEW, Comrade Caroline Nelson

was misquoted. What she said was "This is not to be wondered at when the German capitalists see their own labor leaders denying strike benefits to the workers who go out on strikes without their consent, in this way forcing them back to work."

Oklahoma State Convention.—Comrade Oran Burk reports that the Oklahoma State Convention was held in Oklahoma City, December 29-31. It was a rousing affair. Over sixty delegates attended. A delegation of railroad men was received to ask the support of the S. P. in preventing the importation of gun-men during strikes, the use of the militia and policemen against workers during strikes and lockouts. The convention promised to do all in its power to help abolish these evils. It was moved to punish employers paying female workers less than \$9.00 per week as white slavers, also that the miners have mine inspectors of their own choosing to be paid by the state. It was inspiring to find the comrades promising to do their utmost to help the railroad men, the miners and the working class in all its struggles against the capitalists.

The Wage Slave.—Philadelphia can now boast one of the best working class monthly papers we have ever seen. It presents news from the class struggle point of view as very few papers do and contains snappy propaganda and educational matter. It is going to be a real weapon in the fight. We want to congratulate Comrade Ed. Moore on his work as editor. This paper is published at 6333 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia. When you are making up your magazine and newspaper list for 1914, send 50 cents to *The Wage Slave* and get something big for your money the coming year. With a REVIEW sub., only \$1.25.

From a Canadian Rebel.—"I have worked for 52 years in the industrial hell holes and this cursed system has squeezed and sucked me dry. I wish the REVIEW had a circulation of 300,000 a month."—John Staples.

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Frank Bohn

Rose Strunsky

Prof. Arthur W. Calhoun

Paul Louis (Paris)

EDITORIALS—by Herman Simpson.

A SOCIALIST DIGEST—Edited by William English Walling.

POEMS, BOOK REVIEWS, Etc.

THE NEW REVIEW

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The only way to correct faulty stomach troubles and digestive mistakes is to do what nature wants. All that nature needs is a little assistance to do this work. This is why doctors tell you to diet. By not eating nature is compelled to aid herself. You do not then overwork her when she is already exhausted.

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By following this natural habit you will in a short time correct stomach trouble, do away with indigestion and remove all danger of fatal digestion troubles.

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Always take a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after meals or just before bed time. By doing this you will be acting wisely and playing safe.

Go to your druggist anywhere and buy a box now. Price 50 cents.

Socialist Movies.—The past year the Tyomies Publishing Co. (Finnish) has had a lecturer on the road with a stereopticon and moving picture equipment. The object was education and increasing the circulation of good Socialist literature. Believing that the results of this propaganda have produced good results, the Tyomies people propose to widen their field and to send out an English speaking comrade, Ellis B. Harris, of Superior, Wis., to accompany our Finnish comrade, Martin Hendrickson, well known as a forceful speaker among the Finnish people. The English lecturer will confine himself to the interests of the English Socialist papers and other literature. Everybody remembers the militant Socialist who accompanied Debs in his last national campaign. State and local secretaries are asked to co-operate with the Tyomies comrades in this splendid work. Those who want to see the Tyomies pictures, hear their lectures and spread the propaganda of Socialism can arrange to do this and at the same time INCREASE the circulation of your favorite Socialist paper or magazine in your vicinity at the same time. Write for dates and terms and state what you want to push in your neighborhood. Address the Tyomies Pub. Co., Hancock, Mich.

A New Russian Paper.—Comrade Jos. B. Polonsky is the editor of the new weekly Russian paper, "The Ray," published at 417 Free Press Bldg., Detroit, Mich. The aim of this new revolutionary organ is to carry on an educational campaign among the 50,000 Russians and Ruthenians who live in Detroit and to bring them into the Socialist movement. Comrades all over the states will want to avail themselves of this new weapon. Send 5 cents in stamps for a sample and follow it up with a few subscriptions for your Russian and Ruthenian friends. Congratulations to the Detroit comrades. May the New Year bring them the success they deserve in this new field of work.

A Pippin.—Comrade Brillhart, of Omaha, writes: "A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to everybody in the REVIEW office and a prosperous year to the Fighting Magazine of the working class. Your January number is a pippin! I heartily agree with Comrade Hardenburg in his article entitled 'A Study in Platforms.' We must educate the rank and file. If you will have this article printed in leaflet form, I will take 500 copies to start."

Schenectady Strike Settled.—The value of a Socialist administration to striking workingmen is well illustrated by the recent strike at the General Electric Company in Schenectady. There was a walkout of 15,000 men and the situation appeared serious. Mayor Lunn preserved absolute order by making some of the strikers deputy sheriffs. There was no clubbing of strikers and no attempt to stop them from picketing. The result was, an agreement was reached and the strike settled in less than a week.—*Party Builder.*

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From the West.—"I just got back from the mountains to find my sub. has expired. Never stop it, for I wouldn't miss it for the world. It is the best rebel magazine in the country."—Wm. Sanders.

From Milwaukee.—"Please send me by the next mail a bundle of the splendid magazine, the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, January edition."—Geo. Nero.

From Erskine.—Comrade Wm. Hoffner sends in \$8.40 for yearly subscriptions and a bunch of books. The demand for revolutionary Socialist literature is certainly on the increase in Canada and the REVIEW seems to be hitting the bull's-eye so far as the comrades are concerned.

From Pennsylvania.—"Enclosed find \$1.00 for twenty January reviews. I get more information out of the REVIEW than all other magazines combined."—P. E. Maurer.

Enters the Contest.—Comrade E. J. Hoffpauir of Abbeville, La., writes as follows: "As a good resolution to begin the new year I have resolved to go to Vienna. Send samples and blanks P. D. Q."

Educational.—The Samuel W. Ball Correspondence School for Socialist speakers and writers has enrolled from the ranks of the workers some able talent and we learn of several students who are making splendid progress under Comrade Ball's guidance. Comments from the farthest advanced students indicate that beginners no less than the experienced speakers and writers are finding in The Winning Method just what they have needed to enable them to make best use of their knowledge and ability. It is hoped and confidently expected that an educational campaign through these specially trained educators and propagandists will result in immeasurable good in advancing the cause of Socialism. Names of students in England, Canada and various parts of the United States will be sent to inquirers on request. If you want to know what this course of instruction will do for you write for circulars and references, addressing Samuel W. Ball, 6442 Bishop St., Chicago, whose announcement is found elsewhere in this magazine.

Important From San Antonio.—"We are fighting hard here for the release of Rangel, Cline and their comrades, but the fight is a hard one. The authorities are doing their best to suppress free speech here, have broken up a meeting held in a perfectly orderly manner the 28th of Dec. in Houston, Texas. They have also arrested J. A. Hernandez, secretary of this committee, twice, once they held him eight days on no charge and last Monday he was rearrested and is being held on a vagrancy charge while Spanish letters found in his pockets are being translated for the perusal of the district attorney. Please give this publicity and invite protests to the Governor of the State (Colquitt) at Austin, Texas, and the President. Yours for the Revolution. Charles Ashleigh, Representative of Mexican Liberal Party and Rangel-Cline Defense Fund of Los Angeles. Box 1891."

From a South Dakota Secretary.—"The Review is good. It deserves a wide circulation. Shall do more for it hereafter than formerly. —Yours for the Revolution, Ingmar M. Iverson, Madison, S. D.

From Philadelphia.—"Find enclosed \$1.00 money order for 20 copies of the January Review. With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a successful and prosperous New Year for the best magazine that was ever issued are the wishes of the 36th Ward Branch."—B. K. Perkinson.

A Brooklyn Red.—"Wish I could send you large order, but business is showing the rotten side of its hideous nature at this end of the world, the wretched army of the unemployed is increasing daily, and the heads of the firm where I wage-slave go through the offices several times a day, evidently inspecting the victims destined for slaughter the first of the year. Their evil glance has rested upon me too often for Christmas cheer and comfort, and I can almost see my head resting cosily in the basket."—E. R. A.

From a Pennsylvania Hustler.—"Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me twenty more copies of the January Review. I sold my fifty copies in a few hours last night and need more for my regular customers."—A. E. Brown, Fayette City.

A Washington Red.—"Comrade Gissler fires in a five spot for Review subs. and books and an interesting letter with "Long live the Review."

From a New York Red.—"I think the Review is the greatest fighting magazine of the laboring class and I wouldn't get along without it."—Octave Bartson.

Stanford University, Cal.—"Enclosed find check for \$1.00 for my renewal to the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for the coming year, 1914. Even if nothing more could be said of the REVIEW (and a lot more can be said), it certainly is an interesting magazine."—Herbert E. Knollin.

State Secretary Tiegan, of North Dakota writes, "The REVIEW is surely developing into a splendid publication and is deserving of the support of all loyal Socialists."

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Annual Stockholders' Meeting.—The annual stockholders' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Company was held at 118 West Kinzie street, Chicago, Ill., on January 15, 1914, at 3:30 p. m. Out of the 3,770 shares of stock issued by the company, 2,362 shares were represented either by shareholders or proxies. Among those present were: Comrades Walter Lanfersiek, national secretary of the Socialist party; Stephen M. Reynolds, A. W. Ricker, L. H. Marcy, R. B. Tobias, Dr. J. H. Greer, C. C. Goldberg, Raymond Beauregard, Herbert T. Root, J. O. Bentall, Guy Underwood, state secretary of the Socialist party of Illinois; Charles H. Kerr and Mary E. Marcy. Comrade Charles H. Kerr presided and Mary E. Marcy acted as secretary. President Kerr read the following annual report:

ANNUAL REPORT

The year 1913 has been a year full of difficulties for all Socialist publishers. The natural reaction after the strenuous year of the presidential elections, the near-Socialist policies of President Wilson, which distract the interest of many sympathizers not well grounded in Socialist principles, and especially the bitter controversies within the Socialist party over questions of tactics—all these things have greatly increased the "necessary social labor" involved in circulating a given quantity of our literature. In view of all these difficulties, the figures in our annual report are extremely gratifying, since they show that we have not only held our own but have improved our financial position. Here are the figures:

Receipts for 1913

Book sales	\$31,848.89
Review subscriptions and sales.....	15,017.76
Review advertising	3,252.60
Donations	60.00
Increased value of books on hand.....	962.24
Total	\$51,141.49

Expenditures for 1913

Manufacture of books.....	\$11,417.21
Manufacture of Review.....	9,304.39
Wages	10,623.77
Postage and expressage.....	9,185.15
Advertising	3,034.87
Review circulation expense.....	145.57
Review articles and photographs....	971.82
Authors of books	1,242.95
Books purchased	820.46
Rent	1,200.00
Insurance	110.25
Taxes	155.26
Miscellaneous expense	1,169.33
Interest	127.19
Depreciation on furniture.....	152.80
Profit	1,480.47
Total	\$51,141.49

Assets, Dec. 31, 1913

Cash on hand	\$ 112.87
Books, bound and unbound.....	11,987.69
Electrotype plates	14,258.78
Copyrights	8,752.74
International Socialist Review.....	5,000.00
Office furniture and fixtures.....	611.20

Accounts receivable	922.29
Bills receivable	499.10
Real estate	450.00
Total	\$42,594.65

Liabilities, Dec. 31, 1913

Paid-up capital stock.....	\$37,700.00
Co-operative publishing bonds.....	800.00
Loans from stockholders.....	3,935.12
Accounts payable	159.53
Total	\$42,594.65

In our estimate of assets, the books are for the most part figured at the actual cost of paper, press work and binding. The books now on hand would sell at our average prices for over \$30,000. We are now valuing the copyrights at only \$8,752.74 as against \$15,278.36 three years ago, although their actual value has increased rather than diminished. The copyrights as well as the electrotype plates are necessary for the publication of books, but as they could be turned into cash only at a sacrifice we think it better to put a conservative valuation on them.

The capital stock now paid up amounts to 3,770 out of the 5,000 shares which our charter authorizes us to issue. Our hope is during the year 1914 to place nearly, if not quite, all of the remaining shares, and to hasten this we are offering \$10.00 worth of books with a \$10.00 share at \$11.20 cash with order if the purchaser pays the expressage, or \$12.00 if we pay it. This, of course, means selling the first lot of books for less than the actual cost of manufacture, but we shall save the amount in the course of a year or two by using the \$10.00 to pay off loans which now bear interest; moreover each new stockholder is likely to buy more books at our usual stockholders' prices, which include the cost of selling as well as the cost of printing.

Our indebtedness is much less than at any time for the last fifteen years, and nearly the whole of it is to stockholders who have agreed to give thirty days' notice before withdrawing their loans. If the comrades respond as we hope, to our new offer of stock with books at less than cost, we shall be enabled to take up these loans when they mature without making new ones, and thus put the publishing house on a cash basis.

The past year has not been a favorable one for the publication of new books, and, apart from pamphlets, we have issued only two, "Economic Determinism," by Lida Parce, and "The High Cost of Living," translated by Austin Lewis from the German of Karl Kautsky. We have in press, however, an important work by Gustavus Myers, entitled "History of Canadian Wealth," and will follow this with other books as fast as new stock subscriptions provide the necessary capital.

The International Socialist Review has survived the attacks made upon it by those who regard offices as more important than Socialist education, and it is one of the few Socialist periodicals which have not found it necessary during 1913 to fill their columns with appeals for help.

So we look forward to the new year with confidence in the rank and file of the revolutionary movement, and with the hope that during 1914 we can make the publishing house more useful to the movement than ever before.

It was moved by Dr. J. H. Greer that the report be accepted; seconded by Secretary Walter Lanfersiek; carried.

It was moved by A. W. Ricker and seconded by State Secretary Guy Underwood that the directors of the company be re-elected for the coming year. The motion was carried unanimously. The directors for 1914 will therefore be: Charles H. Kerr, Walter Huggins, L. H. Marcy, Dr. J. H. Greer, J. O. Bentall, Jacob Bruning and Mary E. Marcy.

It was moved by Dr. J. H. Greer and seconded by H. T. Root that a vote of confidence be given President Kerr. The motion was carried unanimously.

At the meeting of the directors which followed the stockholders' meeting, Charles H. Kerr was re-elected president, L. H. Marcy, vice president, and Mary E. Marcy, secretary of the company.

Circulating Libraries.—Comrade Barzee, of Portland, Oregon, has evolved a splendid plan for Socialist circulating libraries which the comrades have found practicable in his home city. Comrade Barzee looks over the registration lists and sends a simple booklet to those he feels will be interested. He suggests that "WHAT SOCIALISM IS," by Charles H. Kerr, is a good book to begin on. Upon request several Socialist booklets are sent the reader and he is asked to pay for them if he desires to keep them. All books sent out are charged to the recipient. If they are not desired, he is asked to return them and the account is cancelled. If the reader becomes interested and wishes to have more books to read, he can return those he already has in his possession and exchange them for something else. This keeps the reader interested and keeps the comrades in charge of the Circulating Library in touch with the new people. It costs very little and does great work for Socialism.

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FREE SPEECH FIGHT IN KANSAS CITY

KANSAS CITY is in the throes of a fight for the "constitutional right" of free speech which promises to add another bloody chapter to the annals of capitalism. Eighty-five members of the Industrial Workers of the World are in jail for speaking on the streets. The number is increasing daily with men who come from different parts of the country, some of them from as far as Great Falls, Mont., beating their way, braving the cold and snow, to fight and suffer for the right to agitate and educate the workers for the overthrow of capitalism.

The first arrests were made December 4, when the police broke up a street meeting held in behalf of the Wheatland prisoners. Five men were sentenced to 200 days in the workhouse. The others have been sentenced to similar and even longer terms.

Many men have been clubbed on the way to jail and after they were locked up. Three men arrested Thursday night were kept in the holdover without trial until the following Monday on bread and water. Twenty-four men arrested Christmas eve at a big meeting celebrated Christ's birthday in the holdover with nothing to eat.

On two occasions the police have clubbed the speakers off the street, refusing to arrest them. Then they would break up the crowd, clubbing right and left. Several men have been badly hurt in the brutal onslaughts. The local headquarters has been

raided five times and property and literature confiscated.

Of conditions at the workhouse a worse story is to be told. E. W. Brink, a man 60 years old, has been confined in the dungeon on bread and water ever since his arrival a month ago. Others have been clubbed and so badly injured that they had to be taken to the hospital.

Much more could be told of the maltreatment suffered by the brave men who dare to speak against capitalism. The story of Spokane, Fresno and San Diego is being written over again in Kansas City. But here, as in the other places, a body of resolute rebels have determined to have free speech at any cost. To meekly surrender the right to carry on agitation and education means to abandon the idea of the abolition of wage slavery. Only by determined struggle can any right left to the workers be maintained.

The fight before us is a hard one. Its severity and tenseness increases every day. Men are needed at once. Money is needed to furnish tobacco to the men in jail and to feed those coming in cold and hungry from the road. This fight is the fight of every rebel. A decisive victory in Kansas City will make it unnecessary to put up a fight in other places, especially in the East and Middle West.

Send communications to J. P. Cannon, Secretary I. W. W., 1022 Garfield avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

From Oklahoma.—"Enclosed please find P. O. money order for 50 cents, for which send me November and December and the remainder of the following six months' subscription to the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. Must say that the REVIEW is in a class by itself."—V. P. Saunders.

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Butte Workingmen's Union.—"Enclosed please find check for sixty dollars to renew the bundle of 100 REVIEWS to the Butte Workingmen's Union for one year."—J. F. Mabie.

From a Utah Red.—"The REVIEW is the best yet."—Carl M. Bjork.

A Red from Idaho.—Vincent Aldrich of Arrowcock sends in \$7.80 for subs. and Helen

Keller's new book, "Out of the Dark." He also renews his subscription for another year.

From California.—A. G. Allen of Mono Lake sends in \$6.50 for REVIEW subs. and Helen Keller's new book, "Out of the Dark." There is certainly a big family of REVIEW readers in the Golden State.

A Colorado Red Writes.—"Your stand on industrial organization is correct beyond the shadow of a doubt and you are to be complimented on such an article as 'Utopian Socialism' by Sinclair. Hope to get far enough ahead on flour and bacon to spare an X for stock in your publishing company next year."—W. O. Roberts.

From a Canadian Red.—"Even if we run short on 'pork and' at Christmas, we must have that REVIEW." So writes Comrade Kinniburgh, and he also sends along another dollar for stock.

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